

Twentieth Year---January 18, 1913

Los Angeles, California---Price Ten Cents

The GRAPHIC



THE LAUGHALOT BOY

BY SAMUEL ELLSWORTH KISER

The Laughalot Boy is a glad little lad
Who lives in a glad little place,
Where all the good people who meet him are glad
For just looking into his face.
And the birds that sing there from the dawn till the night
Warble only such songs as give people delight
And as add to the joy
Of the Laughalot Boy,
Who knows where the nests are, but never
Is tempted to rob or destroy.

Oh, the Laughalot Boy always runs to obey,
And he never is rude or unkind,
And only good people go smiling his way,
And hate never darkens his mind.
The Laughalot Boy is a glad little lad
Who has many more joys than the boys who are bad;
All the winds seem to go
As he wants them to blow;
He finds the world pleasant, and gladly
Helps those who are making it so.

—From "The Land of Little Care."



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TWENTIETH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

SAMUEL TRAVERS CLOVER

EDITOR



TWEEDLEDUM AND TWEEDLEDEE

DICE shaking is a legalized school for gambling in Los Angeles, from which the adolescent are graduated into the more complicated games of chance. At nearly every street corner in the business section students of the art of throwing the numerical cubes may be observed in daily practice. Under the beneficent ordinance which fosters and protects this incipient mode of gambling young men are imbued with a keen desire for all forms of hazards and evolve into good material for evening poker parties, the matching of coins, large and small, and, in the horse-racing days, were among the most constant supporters of the betting ring at Ascot and Arcadia.

Curiously enough, after being given their elemental education in gambling, under the auspices of the city statutes, this legalized patronship is withdrawn when the novitiates are ready to sharpen their whetted appetites on keener play. For the city ordinance, it should be explained, permits dice throwing only for "merchandise," i.e., cigars, but cigars cost money, so for the time being the "merchandise" figures as a medium of barter and in lieu of money. It is a pleasant piece of fiction by means of which a reform city council and mayor appease their smug consciences. They would be shocked if they learned that their young proteges shook dice for money.

To discourage such tendency they have forbidden the higher institutions of gambling within the city precincts. After having conducted the youth of Los Angeles through the primary grades they decline to accompany him into his home. He may gamble on the street corners, in the full sight of the whole city, but when he is within four walls, offending no human eyes, he is a law breaker, subject to the strong hand of the law. Having led him to the brink of the stream of chance they refuse to let him drink. That is, theoretically. The priggish ordinance says no card playing for money may be indulged in, not even in one's own home. It is a crime against the morals of the city. So, the other day, when a private poker party was in progress in a West Fourth street home, a zealous police sleuth, peering through a window whose curtains only partially concealed the indiscreet players, saw the chips stacked, the money passing and was reminded of his stern duty to suppress gambling that was not authorized by statute.

What humbugging laws, that are framed to protect the one form of gambling and denounce another! A city administration that would frown upon the free lunch adjunct, delimit hat pins, educate our *jeunesse doree* to become gamblers, but deny them the right to pursue their bent in privacy! It is arrant inconsistency. If gambling is wrong in principle it is wrong at all times and in all forms. To legalize

gambling for "merchandise" which costs money and prosecute the backer of "two-pairs" or a "four-flush" which also cost money—at times—is a municipal affectation. About as vicious in principle, or want of it, is the tearing through the crowded streets of a police automobile to pick up a stupid drunk. Out upon such humbugs!

FIGHTING OVER A SORRY BONE

HAVING dismissed the nauseating Eddie case on a Scotch verdict the miserable contest is transferred from the courts to the Los Angeles newspapers. The public long ago realized that the repugnant episode, resulting in the arrest of the former city prosecutor and his subsequent trial for contributing to the delinquency of a minor, had its origin in the attempt to bring odium on the Alexander administration. Whether Eddie was guilty as charged or merely a paranoiac mattered little so long as the government he represented was brought into disrepute. So the Times and the Examiner exerted themselves to secure his conviction while the Tribune and the Express were in the equally poor business of defending the alleged culprit. At least, they are deserving of credit for giving support to the real cause at issue, but it is a sorry business at best.

It is unthinkable that the disgraced prosecutor, to whom the jury gave the benefit of the doubt as to the age of the woman in controversy, should be restored to his former position. Even his newspaper champions should balk at this proposed step in view of the corroborative evidence of the man's peculiar tendencies. True, he is acquitted of the one specified charge, but the public welfare will hardly be conserved by restoring him to office. That were a carrying of the newspaper fight to dangerous extremes and certain to reflect seriously upon the sanity of the appointive power.

With the Tribune berating the Examiner and the Express bastinadoing the Times the public is in fair way of being still further nauseated. Naturally, the retorts will be fully as discourteous until the readers will groan in disgust. Already, the terms applied to one another reek of the brothel and of the gutter, suggested, doubtless, by the chief topics of conversation which the pornographic trial has engendered. The details of the Eddie case that have appeared in print of late have been a stench in the public nostrils, and now the interchange of billingsgate by the opposing journalistic batteries still further threaten the peace, serenity and morals of the bedeviled community. The fight is over a sorry bone.

Later: Eddie has resigned. So also are the people.

TAX LOADS VS. PEAK LOADS

POSSIBLY, the three power companies doing business in Los Angeles are, as charged by City Engineer Scattergood, trying to make anti-bond sentiment by their second offer of \$750,000 annually for what electrical horsepower the aqueduct may develop—without requiring the continuous production of 37,500 horsepower, as in the previous offer of one million dollars on that basis—but we believe the average citizen will be inclined to consider the practical side of the proposal and ask himself what this offer will mean to the taxpayer. If accepted, it insures the marketing by wholesale, without delay, of all the power developed, at a minimum cost. If rejected, the city must go into the retail business, competing with three long established concerns that will not relinquish their business without making a stubborn fight for its retention. This is bound to be a costly campaign for both sides.

If the \$6,500,000 power bonds are voted, however, it is well to remember that at 5 per cent the taxpayers

must pay \$325,000 in interest annually, which brings the \$750,000 up to \$1,075,000. It is not likely that the city, in the event that the bonds are voted, will be ready to distribute power inside of two years, which means a loss in revenue of \$2,150,000 on the basis set forth. Then begins the tussle for clients, with the city, meanwhile, compelled to go to the people for additional bond issues to complete the aqueduct system, not only in Los Angeles, but in the Owens River valley, piling at least \$20,000,000 more on the already overwhelmed taxpayers. We say the average, long-headed citizen pondering these facts which, by this time, are patent to the thinking portion of the community, will be reluctant to vote himself into additional debt, particularly when he is not compelled to pay an excessive price for what light or power he now uses.

As a matter of fact, the fangs of the power companies, assuming they are the carnivorous creatures depicted by the proponents of municipally-operated plants, have been extracted by the public utilities commission, whose ipse dixit may at any time override the rates sought to be charged by the private corporations, if the consumers, believing they are excessive, appeal to the state board. That way lies the remedy for all attempts at "gouging." The city charter as well as the state law protects the people and the light and power companies have the good sense to recognize this principle and have shown themselves amenable to the decisions rendered. As between tax loads and peak loads the people may decide that they can better afford to market the one at wholesale than take on the other by engaging in a retail competition whose ultimate success is problematical.

OHIO'S "CLEAN PRESS" MOVEMENT

LEGISLATURES in session throughout the country are busily engaged these days in letting loose a flood of bills designed, many of them, in good faith and, no doubt, in the belief that beneficent results will follow once they are enacted into laws. Among the grist creep in "spite bills" or bills devised to pay off grudges which their creators have nursed awaiting opportunity to strike back. In this category should be included the freak bill urged by the freakish Gov. Blease of South Carolina—the executive who favors lynch law hangings first and a trial afterward—in his message to the state legislature. On its face it has merit. He would make it a misdemeanor for a newspaper reporter to misquote a public speaker.

But supposing it was the interviewer's word against the interviewed, as so often happens? Is the protest of the statesman to receive credence over the affirmation of the reporter? The former has been known to repudiate an interview when he discovered that he had committed a blunder and his denial has cost many an aspiring youngster dearly. The trouble with the Blease proposal is its difficulty of proof. Gov. Blease has been subjected to sharp criticism lately for certain foolish statements he made at the governors' conference in Virginia and, possibly, in one or two papers was misquoted. This is his mode of "getting even."

Ohio also is giving evidence of a desire to "regulate" the press. A Cleveland man is circulating a petition demanding the passage of a law which shall place newspapers in the category of "public utilities" and under the control of the public service commission. The petition recites that strict regulation is necessary "because the sensational and untruthful press of the nation is offending the people and corrupting the youth by printing the disgusting details of crime and scandal; misleading the public by the printing of falsehood about men and women and their affairs, both public and private, and thus perverting

the judgments of the people; stirring up animosities and planting prejudice in the public mind; all for the sake of gain," and because, "for the protection of public morality and the preservation of free government, it is necessary that journalism shall be clean, honest and truthful."

Of course, journalism should be clean, honest and truthful, and we believe these attributes attach to eighty per cent of the newspapers printed in this country; certainly of that proportion of the weekly press and almost to that degree of the dailies. Of the other kind, alas, there is a sprinkling, but why handicap and condemn all because of the derelictions of a few? The public has its own remedy at hand. Eschew the bad, the corrupting, the scandal mongering. Let the merchants be induced to withdraw their advertising support in a round robin stating the reason therefor and see how quickly a reform will be instituted. That is the practical way to deal with those evils that have crept into a portion of the public press.

We would not deride a "clean press movement" nor in any way seek to minimize its importance. But not through the dictatorship of a public utilities commission are the desirable reforms likely to come. That would be a reversion to censorship inimical to the principles of a democracy and abhorrent to a country which prides itself on its free and unfettered public press. We recognize the vast difference between liberty and license and for the newspaper that transcends the bounds of decency there is a method provided in the law of libel of reaching the offender. It has been suggested that signed articles would have a tendency to remedy the glaringly inaccurate statements that mark the publication of the more sensational newspapers. But that is only a crutch. The newspaper itself, the owner of the publication, is solely responsible for its utterances and in the eyes of the law the publisher's name is appended to every item of news. Signed articles by irresponsible reporters would only detract from the news value of a statement. It would be "Tom Jones" instead of the paper that said a thing and ribald comment would be aroused where respectful consideration was sought. The public can make or break a newspaper by giving or withholding support. The verities, the decencies, the merits are what should appeal and according as they prevail over the falsifications, the indecencies and the banalities to that degree should it succeed. Legislating goodness into a newspaper is about as efficacious as the plan of reforming a drunkard by scolding him. The change must come from within.

IS IT "GRAND STAND PLAY?"

IF, IN the face of the declaration of its own expert, that William Rockefeller's physical condition is even more serious than his physician stated, the Pujo committee insists upon calling the sick capitalist from Florida to Washington to give evidence in the probe of the financial operations of the New York bankers, the tendency of inhumanity toward the rich, just because they are rich, will have reached its full flower. If John Smith, carpenter by trade, were in possession of certain information desired by a congressional committee, and were haled from a sick bed to tell what he could as well tell after he had recovered, every labor union and socialistic organization, to say nothing of the I. W. W., would raise a shriek of protest that could be heard "from hell to Galway." But Mr. Rockefeller is only a millionaire, there is no one to take up the cudgels in his behalf, and he is at the mercy of a group of probers who, one must admit, not minimizing the value of the work they are doing, find considerable satisfaction in writing back to the home paper and drawing attention to the fact that "It was my committee that made Rockefeller come to time."

Doubtless, there is a tendency to look with considerable suspicion upon pleas of physical disability since the release of Morse from the federal prison because of "approaching death," the invalid, after a tour of Europe in an automobile, now being engaged in the practice of his profession of financial manipulation in New York. But because one man was thus

able to fool the government officials, or should one say because the officials allowed themselves thus to be hoodwinked, is all regard for humanitarianism to be abandoned? Mr. Rockefeller's physician stated that his patient's life would be endangered by acceding to the committee's request, and the expert engaged by the investigators, presumably, not asked to be lenient in his report, says that this statement is below, rather than above the mark. Should the Pujo committee, disregarding all this, decide to force Mr. Rockefeller to appear, it can be set down as nothing more nor less than sheer bravado and anti-corporation pose.

As a matter of common sense, what object could Rockefeller have in refusing to appear? He is no greater than Morgan or Baker, who went to Washington willingly and told the committee frankly his methods and his views. If Rockefeller knows anything of an incriminating nature, what means does the Pujo committee expect to employ to make him disclose these facts? Certainly, if he is capable of going to such extremes as the committee pretends to think he is planning, in order to avoid testifying, he cannot be expected to tell anything he wants to keep concealed. There is a good deal of "grand stand play" about these special investigations, and this seems to be the most flagrant instance that has been brought to public notice.

INDIAN MESSIAHS, EAST AND WEST

ALTHOUGH Mrs. Annie Besant intimates that in "Alcyone" Krishnamurti, the young son of a Madras merchant, she has a possible second Messiah, the lad's father, a high class Hindoo, stoutly repels such "nonsense," as he terms it, and has made formal demand for the return of "Alcyone"—the brightest star of the Pleiades—together with his younger brother, to his parents in India. It is intimated that when the father learned that his two boys were coming under the baneful influence of Teacher Leadbeater, of unsavory reputation, he demanded that his sons be sent home. Instead, Mrs. Besant carried them off to England where the older one, "Alcyone"—pen name of the head of the new Order of the Star in the East—is preparing to enter Oxford University. His photograph reveals a strikingly beautiful face, with large, expressive eyes, a wealth of black hair, a faint down on the upper lip, a slightly cleft chin, delicately-shaped nose and rather sensuous mouth.

Alcyone's father says that his son is a normal youth having literary attainments of a marked order, but who is neither a Hindoo god nor a Christ. The lad is noted as the author of an ethical treatise, "At the Feet of the Master," written when he was sixteen and for this work he has been hailed as a World Teacher, his second book, "Education as Service," enhancing his reputation in this regard. "At the Feet of the Master" is said to be an inspired work whose teaching is expected to develop the "character and powers that would qualify him to reach the spiritual heights of Initiation." That "J." Krishnamurti is to come to this country to announce his advent as the Messiah is declared by an imaginative writer in the Los Angeles Times. This is extremely unlikely, since he is now preparing for matriculation in Oxford. Moreover, the same writer foolishly states that in the event of his coming to Southern California "it is safe to predict" he will visit Point Loma. Of course, he will do nothing of the kind. There is the bitterest feud between the Tingley-Besant forces and the Purple Lady of Point Loma neglects no opportunity to lash with sharp criticisms the Besant following that harbors as a teacher of moralities the devious Leadbeater, whose vicious practices the late W. Q. Judge ruthlessly exposed.

We suspect that Mrs. Besant's canny mind sees in this youth opportunity to rally to her standard the credulous of the earth and so recall to her coffers that cheerful clink that has been missing of late. In addition, is the desire for restored power which, as godmother of a Messiah, would be her portion. Her reasoning is remindful of the crafty logic of the late Sitting Bull of vivid personal memory—we were the last white man that saw him alive—whose *wanigi*

wacipi or "ghost-dancing" exploits, preceding the coming of the Indian "Messiah" he had announced, resulted in the tragic death of himself, a dozen brave Indian police and, a little later, precipitated the battle of Wounded Knee and the tragedies of Pine Ridge.

This Indian "Messiah" proclaimed by Sitting Bull was to make his advent in the spring, when the grass was eight inches high and his coming was to mark the downfall of the white race and the restoration of the Indian tribes to their former hunting grounds. Never shall we forget the sublimity of expression that lit up the face of Chief Kicking Bear, a noted Sioux warrior, as he described to us, on far away Grand River in North Dakota, the expected phenomena. "There will roll along," he declared, his fine eyes glistening with excitement, "a great earth wave which shall overwhelm white men and red men alike. But only the good Indians shall emerge triumphant, and even those who have long since departed to the happy hunting grounds will come back to life. Once more they shall roam undisturbed over the boundless prairie which, as of old, shall teem with buffalo and elk, and there shall be no more weeping, no more wailing, and no fear of the whites, who shall be swept out of existence forever."

As he spoke Kicking Bear's face became as one who is inspired. He walked up and down in front of the camp fire, near Chief Antelope's quarters, forty miles from Standing Rock agency, his blanket gathered in unconscious, masterful pose over his shoulders, his head erect, his bosom heaving.

"Ugh! ugh! wano! wano!" (good, good) grunted his dusky auditors in unison, greatly stirred and "How, how!" we cried, to show our appreciation of the impressive oratory. There was only one discordant note. Old Chief Gall, that magnificent Indian brave, who led the allied warriors at the Custer massacre, alone expressed disapproval. He had held Sitting Bull in supreme contempt ever since the Custer fight when the noted medicine man—Sitting Bull was not a warrior—showed the white feather. Chief Gall opposed the ghost dancing, he derided the notion of an Indian Messiah and when Kicking Bear had finished his peroration he muttered in choicest Sioux "Heap fool thing!" But our sympathies were all with the Sioux, nevertheless. They are still looking for their Indian Messiah and when he comes that grim old pagan Indian, Sitting Bull, will stalk forth from his unknown corner of the post burial ground, where his bullet-riddled body was interred by stealth, once more to inspire his followers to revolt against the dominating and detested whites.

PROGRESSIVE CABINET ASSURED

EVERY time President-elect Wilson makes a public address he increases the number of his admirers, even as he has commanded their respect by his admirable reserve powers. With the country within a few weeks of his inauguration the personnel of his cabinet is known only to himself and those few under bonds to preserve discreet silence. All we know is gathered by deduction. Having interpreted his election as the distinct expression of the progressive impulses of the country Mr. Wilson told the New Jersey presidential electors Monday that in picking out progressives, and only progressives, to aid him at Washington he cannot be accused of acting as a partisan.

He has told the newspaper men that his mind is an open one. That instead of the field narrowing it is widening. He is quoted as saying: "When I hear of a new man I prick up my ears and set about learning all I can about him. My course as governor was to give no advance information on appointments. I find out if the man I want will accept and then I announce his appointment. That will be my course as President." How refreshingly different this way from the all too prevalent custom of bartering a cabinet place often in advance of election, to keep managerial promises and to pay political debts. This, evidently, is not the Wilson way.

His talk to the New Jersey presidential electors points conclusively to the selection of that sterling progressive, William J. Bryan, for the state portfolio,

but thus far Mr. Wilson has made no sign. He wants a great lawyer for the department of justice, and has conceded to the west the interior department portfolio. It has been remarked that the pleasant things he has said of Gov. Edwin L. Norris of Montana and Louis D. Brandeis of Massachusetts have indicated that he was considering them seriously for cabinet places, but he has reached no decision. Joseph Daniels of North Carolina is considered a likely winner, because of the very general backing he has received and the lack of any serious opposition to him. However, it is all guesswork; the real certainty is that it will be a progressive cabinet; of that the country is assured.

We confess to a great liking for his mental attitude concerning his stewardship. He regards himself as an instrument chosen by the people to perform definite things. He told his New Jersey friends that he looked upon his accession to the office of chief magistrate as the undertaking of one who has no liberty to choose; he must act in a representative capacity. This is why he will select progressives to support his administration and only progressives. He has given bonds to the people to carry out certain reform movements and he will adhere to the will that been expressed. He sees new purposes come into the hearts of men who hitherto have kept their eyes too closely on their ledgers. They are expanding as they have become imbued with a spirit that leads them out of self to bigger and nobler endeavors. The country has asked for a change of venue; it has been given it and the jury that now sits in the box is formed of no partisans merely, but of all the people of the United States. He promises that he will not be caught in the old entanglements. "With that jury back of you you can smile at all the gentlemen who meet in corners and in private rooms and arrange to beat you. . . . If you want to set up your game, come here in the center of the ring and let us see you set it up. And, if it is the right kind of setting up, you will not mind setting it up here in our presence, and in the presence, by representation, of the rest of the people of the United States." How refreshing, this utterance! How promising for the future!

TRUTH ABOUT "GENERAL" LEA

WITH a view to dissipating what he rather sarcastically terms the "mythology" growing up about the name of the late "General" Homer Lea, Ng Poon Chew, leader of the Chinese reform party in California, has imparted to Dr. David Starr Jordan authentic information concerning the author of the "Valor of Ignorance," which the president of Stanford University has passed on to the New York Evening Post with the consent of his informant. The Chinese reform leader was a personal friend of Lea's parents in Los Angeles and was entertained by them before their son left for China in 1900. At that time Homer visited him at his office in San Francisco and talked with him in regard to a revolution in China. Impressed by Lea's views and knowing his family Ng Poon Chew took the young man to the headquarters of the Chinese Reform Association to consult with other leaders of that organization.

As a result it was decided to send Lea to China secretly as a foreign advisor to the leaders there. Pending his sailing his expenses were met at the Palace hotel and enough money was raised to pay his fare to Hongkong and maintain him abroad for several months. Before he left San Francisco Lea had himself interviewed in the Call, in which he foolishly related the object of his projected journey. This indiscretion, the result of his vanity, really negated the success of his mission since the Chinese consul promptly notified the home department, rendering Lea a marked man. In spite of this faux pas Lea was allowed to go and in Hongkong he tried to get in touch with the reform leaders, but they fought shy of him, owing to the fact that his advent had been duly heralded. From Hongkong he went to Macao, a Portuguese colony, staying there several months and all the time so closely watched by the authorities that members of the reform party did not dare asso-

ciate with him. Finally, Lea wrote to San Francisco for funds to return home, and all reluctantly, money was sent to him for that purpose. This ended his connection with the reform revolution is Ng Poon Chew's statement.

As to his title of general the Chinese-California reform leader declares that not only was Lea never a general in the reform army, but there was no such army. All the titles he bore were created by himself. Says Dr. Jordan's correspondent: "He had a scheme, long before he associated himself with the Chinese reform leaders, and that was to get himself into public print and public notice, so that a market might be developed for his writings. . . . There was a branch of the Chinese Reform Association established in Los Angeles and he kept in touch with the Chinese there." Lea had formed an acquaintance with Dr. Sun Yat Sen in the United States, who had been impressed by the young man's views. Later, when Lea lost his health and went to Europe to recuperate, the revolution in China broke out and Dr. Sun hastened home by way of Europe. Lea learned of his plans and arranged to take passage for China on the same steamer. They went together to Shanghai, thence to Nanking, where Dr. Sun was made president of the provisional republic of China. A sick man, Lea could do nothing, in fact there was nothing for him to do, since the fighting was over before he and Dr. Sun arrived. Declares his chronicler, "The Chinese revolutionists in China have never heard of 'Gen. Homer Lea.' He was a schemer pure and simple. The Chinese in San Francisco regretted very much parting with their money to send him to China in 1900."

Doubtless, this is the unvarnished story of poor, dwarfed Homer Lea's much vaunted connection with the Chinese reform party and while it reveals his intense longing for notoriety his main purpose, it is patent, in getting into the limelight was to create a demand for his writings. We can forgive the mental picture we recall of the strutting little piece of pomposity in his self-designed uniform with its fanciful epaulets and the natty cape of yellow lining so jauntily displayed, in view of his meritorious literary work. We cannot lose sight of the touch of genius exhibited in his "Valor of Ignorance" so highly extolled by Maj.-Gen. Adna R. Chaffee for its theoretical military science, the soundness of whose reasoning so appealed to Emperor William of Germany that he ordered all of his officer to familiarize themselves with the book. Talent of a notable quality Lea must have possessed to impress military geniuses in this manner. His "Day of the Saxon," the second of the trilogy he had planned—the third occupied his mind up to his death—is equally well regarded by experts in the art of war. Of his "Vermillion Pencil" the less said the better. It was his first book and very bad. But for his two masterpieces all praise. As a "power" in the Chinese reform party he is proved to be a humbug, but no such tart criticism applies to his literary work, at least, so far as the two books on militarism are concerned. His memory deserves this meed of justice.

IMPRESSIVE CONVICTION OF ARCHBALD

MORE than six months ago Judge Archbald of the defunct commerce court was under investigation by the house judiciary committee of congress whose recommendation of impeachment proceedings was sanctioned by the vote of 222 to 1. The sole negative was cast by a misguided congressman from Pennsylvania who fancied that he was bound to support his constituent irrespective of the gravity of the charges preferred and the weight of the evidence. He did not seem to realize that a far greater obligation upon him was the upholding of the purity of the bench, a consideration that should always outweigh mistaken notions of "loyalty."

There were thirteen counts in the findings of the judiciary committee that charged Judge Robert W. Archbald with "misbehavior and misdemeanors" in office and the United States senate, sitting as an impeachment court, has given the accused jurist a fair and impartial trial in which he has had the benefit of able counsel. Almost as emphatic as the vote in the

house is that of the senate finding the disgraced associate justice of the commerce court guilty as charged in five of the thirteen instances of derelictions cited against him. One of the most serious was the first article which charged Judge Archbald with wilfully and unlawfully taking advantage of his position as a judge of the commerce court to induce officials of the Erie railroad and a subsidiary concern to sell him an interest in certain coal properties. The significance of this questionable transaction lies in the fact that at the time the deal was made the Erie railroad was a litigant in Judge Archbald's court. Sixty-eight senators stood for conviction on this count and only five voted no, two of these being Senators Penrose and Oliver of Archbald's state.

Another grave charge was that he attempted to sell the stock of a coal company, on commission, while the corporation had a case pending before him. Other charges averred that he made attempts to procure loans on promissory notes from attorneys or clients in his court; that he appointed a railroad attorney as a jury commissioner in the federal district court and that he accepted a "purse" from attorneys for the court, officials and railroad counsels prior to making a tour of Europe. There were other, minor charges, where the testimony was conflicting, but on the most vulnerable points the evidence was so conclusive that the senate sitting as a court of impeachment has found him guilty, giving him the benefit of the doubt in eight instances. It was inevitable that the verdict should be removal from office and debarment for life from holding any office of honor, trust or profit in the United States.

How much more effectual, how far more impressive this mode of removing an unworthy judge than the flighty recall that has its inception in prejudice and emotion and whose verdict is too often likely to be rendered without due consideration of the merits of the case. If the recall had been applied to Andrew Johnson, seventeenth President of the United States, doubtless he would have been ignominiously removed from office. Time and unbiased minds have shown that the decision of the senate was a just one, that he was not guilty as charged. With all the clamor against the recall of judges who doubts that Archbald would have been incontinently deprived of the ermine long ere this, but would the effect on the country have been so profound as in the present instance when, after a dignified trial, the erring jurist is adjudged guilty on five counts and his disgrace is complete? We contend that the constitutional method is the better way and that in this instance its efficiency is signally demonstrated.

GRAPHITES

It may be a solacing thought to those investors in United, Collins, and Continental Wireless Telegraph stock, of whom there were many on this coast a few years ago, to know that the promoters have been sentenced to terms in the Atlanta federal prison, ranging from two to five years, besides being heavily fined. Again, has Uncle Sam proved the length of his reach and the tenacity of his grip.

Although Johnson had shipped his two automobiles to Canada and was following them at hot speed, without regard to his bail bond to remain in Illinois pending his trial, Federal Judge Carpenter accepted his word that he planned to remain in Toronto only two days and refused to commit the black to jail as a fugitive from justice. Let us hope his leniency is not misplaced.

Establishment of a state rail highway is proposed by constitutional amendment. It is not for use by the state, but as a means of keeping the privately-operated lines "good." Another case of burning-down-the-house to roast the pig. What is the railroad commission's function, pray?

That San Francisco police justice who reduced the bail of a prisoner charged with an ugly offense now wishes he had not done so. The women of the northern capital are after him with a sharp stick and we predict that he will retreat before such pressure.

Nothing like asking enough! Members of the senate and assembly have asked for appropriations to the extent of \$26,639,526 or larger by more than ten million dollars than the amount recommended by the comptroller. But, bless us, they have only fairly begun. The session is but ten days old.

Lennox Robinson's "Patriots"—Two Views—By Randolph Bartlett

(TWENTY-EIGHTH OF A SERIES OF PAPERS ON MODERN DRAMA)

WHILE it was the spirit of Ireland which actuated Yeats, Synge and Lady Gregory, the undisputed leaders of the Irish drama movement, these three dramatists have always avoided, both by natural tendency and by design, any specific alliance with the political, religious and social movements, with which the little island is always disrupted. The motives actuating the race are made clear by this triumvirate, but none of their dramas contains a scene which could be taken as typical of the modern Ireland, which is forever the puzzle that brings white hairs prematurely to the heads of the statesmen of Great Britain. Yeats took this course in pursuance of his oft repeated declaration of principles, to the effect that photography is not art. Lady Gregory followed the same plan because she was too deeply interested in the folk lore and the history of the people to set down their present condition. Synge, had he lived, doubtless would have produced dramas of the Irish social life in the cities and communities which are stirred by the national movements, as potent and realistic as his dramas of the peasants of the north and the Aran islands. He had made suggestions of entertaining such a plan, shortly before he died.

It is quite natural, then, that following in the wake of these leaders of the new Irish literature and drama, there should be found a great number of lesser writers, occupying themselves with the things that they see going on about them every day. The Abbey Theater wanted plays of this sort to vary its repertoire, and a coterie of playwrights arose such as Padraic Colum, T. C. Murray, St. John G. Ervine and Lennox Robinson, creating dramatic works which, if lacking in the permanent values that are found in the greater creations of this school, contain much that is of more interest to the present day reader. Out of the cauldron of Irish life there have come many of these dramas dealing with politics, the religious clash, the home life and certain decaying social classes, and of them all Lennox Robinson's "Patriots" seems to me to express more authoritatively and distinctly the differences between the Ireland of fifty years ago and that of today than anything else I have read.

James Nugent, a political firebrand, is the central figure of the play. Eighteen years before the story opens Nugent killed an associate in his political cabal whom he believed had been a traitor to the cause, and was sentenced to penal servitude for life. He left behind him a League, organized for the avowed purpose of "freeing Ireland," and a wife, with a child born crippled. At the time the play begins, Ann, Nugent's wife, has built up a prosperous grocery business. Rose, the daughter, is eighteen years old and an invalid, and the League, lacking a fiery leader, has degenerated into a mere debating society. Two of the leading officers in it are Ann's brothers, Harry and Bob, aged and rather doddering men, with none of the revolutionary spirit. Under their guidance, the gatherings which used to be held for the purpose of secretly arming the intrepid souls, and inspiring them to adventurous deeds with typical Celtic oratory, now hears discourses on such topics as "Through the Apennines With a Camera," "The Folk Songs of Ireland," "Ireland Under Elizabeth," "Old Dublin Newspapers" and "The Nationalization of the Irish Railways." Only one member of the committee, young Willie Sullivan, reflects any of the daring of the fearless leader and founder of the League. Rose admires this youth, and remonstrates with her Uncle Bob regarding the placid tone of the League's programs:

ROSE. Well, I know Willie feels that father started the League to revive the national spirit in Ireland, and he thinks it can be done better by thinking of Stephens than a trip to the Apennines.

BOB. But sure, Tanner never saw Stephens and he did go through the Apennines last summer.

ROSE. Willie's terribly in earnest about things.

BOB. He goes too far, Rose, he does indeed. It's very bad for him professionally. Hughes won't keep him if he goes on like this; I expect Hughes will give him a rise soon, I know he thinks well of him, he told me so. But the other day I heard some one speak of Willie as "that wild young revolutionary clerk of Mr. Hughes." Now, you know, Hughes won't like it if he hears that.

ROSE. How proud Willie would be if he heard himself called that. Anyway, I don't see that one's political views need affect one's business.

BOB. They needn't—if you're sensible. Look at us. We're—we're a desperate family. Every one knows Ann's husband is in prison for life for murder—political murder. Every one knows what Ann's own views were . . . every one knows what I was twenty years ago before my wretched health broke down—why, we're a desperate family, but we keep our views to ourselves, and the consequence is we draw our custom from every class in the

community. The shop's thriving. Willie will have to hold his tongue if he wants to get on.

ROSE. Willie would rather earn a pound a week till the Day of Judgment than hold his tongue about his views.

BOB. Ah, well, he'll grow out of it, he'll grow out of it. I thought the same when I was his age. . . . I was a desperate fellow. I remember one night I swore six soldiers into the League—six—Rose.

ROSE (wide-eyed). Did you really? How splendid of you, Uncle Bob.

BOB. Ah, yes, I'd have the country in a flame only for my wretched health. But I done what I could, I done what I could. It's no joking being secretary of the League, I can tell you. Why, getting up these winter lectures is a big job in itself, and then there are always resolutions to be framed and addresses and—people like Starkie to pacify—oh, it's very wearing. I sometimes think that if I had withdrawn from it altogether I might have got back my health. But I'll never withdraw. I've given my life willingly—for Ireland. . . . Isn't that cocoa ready?

Into this subnormally calm social body a bomb is dropped. Nugent is pardoned. The effect upon the various persons is electrifying. Rose and Willie dream of new activities to begin that will mean something more than mere talk. Ann, the wife, is strangely unmoved, and as it appears that, in the early days, she was the constant companion of her husband in his journeying through the country to arouse the people, this is regarded as indeed strange. With sardonic laughter she wonders what her husband will think of his League:

WILLIE (a little doubtfully). I hope Mr. Nugent will like the list of lectures, I'm sure he'll think we should have had more national subjects.

BOB. Oh, he can't find any fault with them, they're so varied. I know Tanner's on the Apennines will be most interesting—and your one, Harry, on Dublin Newspapers.

HARRY. Yes, it will be good. If I can only get that "Freeman" for May 30th, 1886. (Ann laughs.)

ROSE. What is it, mother? (Ann still laughs.)

ROB. What are you laughing at, Ann?

ANN. It will be very funny—when James comes back—and asks you what you've been doing—for eighteen years—and you tell him about the League, and show him the list of lectures—

BOB. What's wrong with the list?

HARRY. Well, we've done a lot.

BOB. The membership is larger than it's been for years.

HARRY. We're the only branch that's still in existence.

WILLIE. I don't suppose he'd approve of our supporting the United Irish League candidates.

HARRY. He'll have to realize that things have changed.

BOB. We done what we could.

HARRY. We stood out for compulsory Irish.

BOB. You attended classes yourself for two winters.

HARRY. Yes, indeed, I know a lot of Irish—not—not to speak it of course.

WILLIE. Still I can realize James Nugent wanting something more than that.

HARRY. We passed a resolution against the Irish Council's Bill.

BOB. We done what we could.

HARRY. And things have changed.

BOB. Yes, things have changed.

WILLIE. I suppose they have.

(But they look at each other uncomfortably and in silence. Ann laughs again.)

Nugent returns, and with great skill Robinson shows the contrast between the old militant party and the new order. The weaknesses of both are exposed ruthlessly—the one which would sacrifice wife, home, everything to a vague spirit of unrest and rebellion, without prospect of success, and the other which is satisfied to lie at ease and allow things to drift along. Nugent is disgusted when he finds that there is no attempt to keep the members of the League supplied with arms and ammunition, and he wrangles with O'Mahoney, a conservative citizen, and Father Kearney:

JAMES. I understand that there is no physical force party in Ireland at present. That is not to be wondered at when there are men like you at the head of the League.

O'MAHONEY (coolly). Oh, I left the League fifteen years ago.

JAMES. I'm going to start a new movement.

FATHER KEARNEY (with a fat smile). Oh, come, come, James, absurd.

JAMES (desperately). I'm going to save Ireland.

FATHER KEARNEY. Don't you bother about Ireland. She's getting along all right.

JAMES. She can't be right until she's free.

FATHER KEARNEY. What can you do anyway?

JAMES. I can do what I did twenty years ago—rouse the people, go through the country, build a new League on the ruins of the old.

BOB (miserably). You'll only ruin the League, James, if you do that. That sort of advanced thing

won't go down with a lot of the new members. I know it won't. Couldn't you keep quiet anyway till after Christmas, when the subscriptions are paid?

Finally, Nugent orders a special meeting of the League called for the next Tuesday night, when he proposes to start his inflammatory movement all over again. This idea is welcomed by Willie Sullivan and Rose, while Ann stands moodily aside, and declares that she will not be dragged into the cabal again, nor will she allow her husband to interfere with the prosperous business she has established. The night of the meeting comes, but there is no audience. Nugent has failed to realize that he is hardly even a memory now with the majority of the people, and as a moving picture show is being given at the town hall and a mission service at the chapel, he faces an empty ball. Still, the fanatic will not admit defeat. Willie and Rose are faithful to the colors, and they declare they will go with him to Dublin, and there start a new movement which will eclipse the old. Ann has been passive to this time, but when Nugent suggests that Rose is to go with him, she breaks out in denunciation of his selfish idea of patriotism, declaring "It's made Sullivan (Willie's father) bankrupt, Brennan a drunkard, you a murderer; it's destroyed my happiness; it's made Rose a cripple." Stormily, she goes on to tell what she has previously concealed, that just before the birth of her child, when Nugent was sought by the police, he defied them and fired upon them from the room in which she lay. A few days later Rose was born a cripple, and her health was wrecked. This breaks down Nugent's fiery spirit, and in a few moments he seems to wilt and shrivel.

Reading the play one can easily picture this tense scene played by a great actor. First Nugent is dominant, a leader of a forlorn hope, eyes flashing, voice like a trumpet. What does defeat mean to him? Nothing but a glorious fall to inspire the man who follows him in the same hopeless battle. Then comes the blow—the revelation of what he has done to his friends and his family. The flash goes out of the glance as tears come to his eyes. The head bows in grief, the shoulders droop. The erect figure suddenly assumes a stoop, and the spectator knows that it will never resume its former commanding bearing. There is a quaver in the voice. In five minutes James Nugent has become an old man, and on the spot where he heard the pledges of the faithful pair of children, he listens with gratitude to their words of sympathy and pity. He goes out with Ann, Rose and O'Mahoney, and looking forward into the future one can see this dismal, broken life, dragging itself away day by day, its mainspring snapped, no hope, no motive left.

Thus Robinson shows ruthlessly the weakness of both sides in the Irish political controversy. There is the cruelty, the selfishness of the red flag party, and the impotence of those at the other extreme, who satisfy themselves with the purely academic discussion of affairs of state, until, gradually, they lose sight of the end toward which they are aiming. There is not much satisfaction for the home rule party in either piew, for the idea one gains from "Patriots" is that the country would be well enough off if the agitators would but leave it alone.

Lennox Robinson and his confreres in the creation of what may be called the concrete Irish drama, are important and significant in that they demonstrate that the leadership of William Butler Yeats contains nothing of domination. They are not slaves to the styles and ideas of others. They have individuality and originality, and express themselves with the utmost freedom. There is none of the taint of imitativeness about their work. At times the austerity of Synge appears, but it is rather an austerity in harmony with the subject matter than partaking of the nature of a pose. This is a symptom of the healthy character of the Irish movement, that while it has, in the front rank, several writers of the highest talent, it goes deeper than mere individual virtuosity. It is an art founded upon the awakening of a race to a sense of the beautiful, to the meaning of its own turbulent history and its dissensions. If Yeats had not sung his fascinating strains, if Lady Gregory had not recalled the glories of the olden days, if Synge had not shown the drama that lies in the lives of the commonest people, there still would have been an Irish school of dramatists, perhaps not so distinguished nor so world-famous, but men with such keen vision as the author of "Patriots," and other Irish plays of which I will write later, may be aided by the inspiration of brilliant example, but they possess the creative spirit that is superior to mere circumstance.

("Patriots," by Lennox Robinson; Maunsel & Co., Dublin.)

BRIEUX' NEW INTENSE PROBLEM PLAY

"**LA FEMME SEULE**," a new play by Brieux, has just been given at the Gymnase and it has called forth about the same amount of comment and the same extraordinary differences of opinion that every play from the pen of this author has done. M. Brieux, who, in my opinion, is the only author of real value in France now writing for the stage, deserves our entire admiration because he never turns out any work that has not a real meaning. Like Bernard Shaw he writes philosophy, and, like Shaw's critics, his critics say that his characters talk too much and in too stilted a manner; that they could not possibly have the views they have in real life because few persons possess either logic or deep reasoning powers, and that, even if they did have these opinions, they would not express them in the circumstances, for people in real life do not stop in the middle of a passionate scene to spout philosophy.

All of which is perfectly true and cannot be denied. Fortunately, however, there are always a large number of people who want to be made to think, and so both Brieux and Shaw are successful authors in spite of the unstaginess of the majority of their plays, and their works are read by a large number of people who do not go to see them and who do not read other plays. An ordinary play is not very pleasant reading. The better it is on the stage, the worse it is to read, at least, so I have always found it. Especially, the poetic dramas of the great poets are generally impossible for the stage, but are delightful reading. Shaw and Brieux, and, to an extent, also Ibsen and Hauptmann and other moderns, come just between these two fields: their plays are not quite right for the stage, nor yet quite right for the reader; they are too full of thought for the one and too brief for the other.

But the plays of Brieux, like the plays of Shaw, have the one great advantage of being always written just when their subject becomes one of public interest. This new play of Brieux' is certainly just in line with modern thought and action. Its title, "*Le Femme Seule*," may be roughly translated as "*The Woman Who Is Alone in the World*." It deals with the question of the woman who has to earn her own living and also with the question of the rivalry between women workers and men workers and the possible injury done to the men by the women's low wages. The story of this play is simple enough. It tells of a girl whose parents lose their fortune and who has the choice of living buried in the country with her family in great poverty or of earning her own living. She chooses the latter course, but ultimately finds the position untenable and finally consents to become the mistress of a young man whom she has long loved, to whom she was once engaged to be married, but who refuses to marry her when her fortune is lost.

The things which render impossible this girl's earnest endeavor to earn her own living in respectable ways are, first, her beauty and the undesirable attentions of men; second, the small wages paid to women; and, third, the fear of men workers that their positions will be undermined by the rivalry of women workers. The play fails to seem to us truly universal, that is, applicable to all countries alike, in the fact that with us, at least, no man would refuse to marry the woman he loved because she lost her money; nor could any American girl, with American pride and spirit, ever become the man's mistress after being so deserted in her time of need! It is also doubtful if men will ever really rise up and strike against the women workers.

But this does not lessen the force of this last possibility. If the men do not fight the women openly it is only because they are women and the man's instinct of protection of the mother which we see in all animals is not yet quite dead. Yet the dreadful fact does exist that women take men's bread out of their mouths, and this, in many cases, where the man has a family to support and the woman only herself. Nor is this the worst of it, for there are many women who work not because they really need to but because they want to earn pin money. I personally know several cases of this kind, and I know that the money thus earned is spent on dress. I also know of one case where a married woman in easy circumstances actually went into an office where a man was employed and offered her services for half what the man got. And after a certain time with due dignity on the part of the employer the man was given warning and the woman took his place. This is a fact, and it took place, not in France, but in America.

Brieux himself blames this state of things largely upon the laziness of the young men, who refuse to marry unless there is a substantial money gift coming with the girl. This, of course, has weight only in Europe, and, in Europe, especially in France. It is the exaggeration, which I have mentioned before in these letters, of the "stocking," the traditional

saving fund, which is an absolute obsession here. Generally, this "stocking" is of the smallest of small proportions, and most frequently this money is not invested in anything that pays a decent interest, but in these state funds that partake of the nature of lotteries and have drawings every month or two.

I talked this over the other day with a man I met in the train going to Versailles. He acknowledged that a nice little suburban house could be bought in any of the various new districts along this line for something like fifteen thousand francs and we figured out together that the actual interest that such a sum would pay when so invested as to save rent and weighted only with county taxes would be at least eight per cent. But the end of our conversation was that this man shook his head and said he would rather have his money in state funds,—he might one day win the grand prize of one hundred thousand francs! And this sort of dross is what the young man here demands in marriage! He will generally marry a woman he does not love, even when he is actually in love with another, if there is a substantial "dot." Therefore, many girls who have no "dot" work like slaves to get it, for without it marriage is an impossibility. Worse than that many of these working people simply form illicit unions, which last at times for many years and have the appearance of real marriage, but generally leave the woman helpless and destitute in the end.

But the whole thing is infinitely more pitiful than this play shows it. For the heroine here is well educated, of good birth, a strong, vigorous, handsome woman. But, alas! the heroines in the real plays that are running their course day by day in this great city, and perhaps in every other great city of the world, are neither well born nor well educated, and having been insufficiently nourished in childhood they have neither vigor nor beauty. If you wish to convince yourself of these facts you have only to pass along any street where there are sweat-shops at lunch-time or at letting-out-time. There you will see a spectacle that would turn a heart of stone! Poor, bedraggled, hopeless, misshapen females, tired, worn, despairing! Often enough, they are sent out to work by their parents who curse them because they have not the beauty to earn more than this daily wage of the sweat-shop. Generally, they are forced to work overtime for little or no pay.

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This is the whole of their life. They are never taken out for a pleasure by their "young man." They have no "young man." They are too uninteresting, too shapeless and colorless. All that they have of life is just to drag on and on until the end comes, until they are worn out or go down before the ravages of disease. This, indeed, is the great tragedy of the lone woman, and the tragedy, the problem, which Brieux paints us is nothing to it. For, after all, positive suffering, positive tragedy, is better, a thousand times better, than this hopeless, endless hell! Better a vigorous fight, even if you lose, than enchained slavery. The life prisoner feels that and will try to make a dash for liberty even with the almost certain chance of being shot down by the guards. But how can these poor female slaves fight? With whom can they fight? They cannot even choose a life of shame, and this is perhaps, to them, the greatest suffering of all. They look with envy at their successful sisters who have found lovers, you may be sure. For what can morality be to such as these? Do you suppose, in their secret, suffering hearts, our puny moral laws and stupid prejudices mean anything or have any weight? Do they not see all too plainly that these laws, whatever they are and however cleverly they may be framed, are the very cause of all their individual misery! They know, these poor human slaves, that in a state of nature their particular suffering could not be. They know by instinct, even the most ignorant of them, that their lifelong misery is the outcome merely and solely of civilization, of our complicated social fabric, of the general weakening of the human race by being crushed beneath the iron heel of custom.

The alternative is marriage. But is marriage sure to be an improvement? I think not. We have fixed our marriage laws in such a way as to give very little protection to the woman. And over here the marriage laws are still worse than ours. But I will speak of marriage only in general and without reference to any particular code of laws. Among the many workers in any large city you will find a very large number of married women. Widows, women having useless or drunken husbands, others deserted and left alone with a family to support, or the victims of disease or accident. But, one and all, they looked upon marriage when they entered into it as almost the sole human blessing to be wished for and hoped for, and they considered themselves as particularly fortunate in having found a man to marry them. Why? Simply because we have taught our women to look upon marriage as a natural and moral way of earning one's living. A woman who

gets married does not expect to have to work for her living save in her own home. And if her husband happens to be well off she does not even work in the home. She becomes a drone and a money spender, and the children, if there are any, are left to the care of teachers and things are generally so arranged that they are the least possible bother.

But what happens if one day the man dies or is disabled or runs away? Then this woman finds herself helpless. She has no legal redress. Practically and actually she can do nothing whatever to make her husband work for her if he makes up his mind he will not. Of course, in the better classes of society pride keeps the men straight even when they are tempted to go wrong, but even then there is a certain amount of desertion. Several cases have recently come under my personal observation where the husband either deserts his wife, squanders his money on other women, or finds himself unable to earn his living.

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What is the woman to do then? She has her home with rent to pay and the certainty of being put out if it is not paid, and she has her children to feed, and all the other expenses of living even in the most restricted way. Here, indeed, is a tragic case of the lone woman. She certainly has not the chances of the unmarried woman. The mere fact that she is married will prevent her finding employment in many cases. And she has burdens in her children which are more than just so many mouths to feed and so many bodies to clothe. For those children cannot be left alone while the mother goes to work. Provision must be made for them and they become, in many ways, a great problem, a greater problem, indeed, than the mere earning of a living. And in such a case what does the law do? Nothing of any practical value. It will grant the woman divorce on the ground of desertion or it will lock the man up for non-support of his family,—as if that was any good. And suppose the man is honest but ill or disabled? What then?

The trouble, of course, is in our civilization. Even a married woman must today hesitate to have children, and this is the greatest immorality. Yet it is condoned, even advised by good sense. But even the most elementary moral sense must show us that people should expect to have children or they should not marry. The woman alone is truly in a bad position, but should she be forgiven for entering into a contract with a man for mutual economy and safety? I think not. But the laws should so fix it that the man could in a way be held responsible for his acts after marriage. If that were the case more women would get married and the problem of the lone woman would, at least, become of less universal import.

FRANK PATTERSON.

Paris, Jan. 1, 1913

GRAPHIC MELODRAMA IN "THE CONSPIRACY"

NEW YORK likes "to see the wheels go round." This is one reason it enjoys "*The Conspiracy*" now playing at the Garrick Theater. It can see just how a real author writes, just how a real thriller is produced. Also, it takes kindly to the heroine who has had a taste of the dregs of life. We have gone through "the lady with a past" stage; we are no longer content with the lady who has loved too well and unwisely—she merely plays upon our emotions. Now she must be the victim not of her own passions, but of that social scheme that plays upon ignorance and helplessness. She arouses something more than emotion, satisfaction that she has escaped the drag net. Margaret Holt has not only committed murder, but she has been a white slave. We wish to see her bring the perpetrators of such an atrocity to justice. Coming to New York a young, innocent girl, she was entrapped by a woman who told her that she had been sent to meet her in her brother's place. For three weeks she was held prisoner and then a fire broke out and she was liberated by the firemen. She finds her brother, an obscure lawyer, and the two undertake to fight conditions. The police were unsympathetic, but a wealthy friend furnished money and influence. The brother, Victor Holt, became assistant district attorney. His fight concentrated itself against a notorious gang, "*The Scarlet Band*." One of these men advertised for a stenographer. Margaret Holt insisted upon taking the place.

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Four years under an assumed name she worked as a spy getting evidence. One thing only was needed to complete the chain, a list of the members of the band. This she learned was hidden in a certain room. She effected an entrance, made search and found the paper. Just as she secretes it on her person her employer comes in. He realizes that the paper has been stolen and threatens to call a cafe where his men are stationed watching Victor Holt and give the order to murder him. He seizes the telephone and the girl in a frenzy snatches a knife, stabs him and escapes. She makes her way to "*The Refuge*," a

down-town settlement, and is taken in. A policeman follows her there, looking not for the stenographer, but for a Spanish woman who had called upon the victim in the afternoon. A reporter sends the policeman on his way. He has had an exciting adventure. A girl with beautiful grey eyes was set upon by three villainous men. He recognizes and saves the girl, but her companion is taken prisoner. He forces her story from her and offers to help. She must disappear for a time he says. The opportunity presents itself in the advent of Winthrop Clavering, expert in crime, writer of popular detective stories, who is seeking a stenographer.

* * *

Margaret is installed as his amanuensis. For two weeks she works day and night. The new story is based on the murder. Clavering thinks the police drivelling idiots. He is sure the stenographer is the murderer and sets out to reconstruct the crime in such a way as to make it possible to catch her. He has come down to the moment of the murder. He has reproduced incidents with the faithfulness of an eyewitness. Margaret's nerve is almost gone. She feels that discovery is certain. The reporter promises to take her to his mother. He has found where the brother is hidden and is sure they can establish communication with him and set her free. Comes the Spanish woman who had been detained on suspicion. She knows the stenographer is guilty and she feels that Clavering can find her. The family is willing to pay \$500.00 to get her out of the way, to keep scandal from reaching the ears of the poor widow. Her description of the stenographer's dress and her eagerness for news of her opens Clavering's eyes. He calls Margaret back—suddenly begins to dictate to her what happened immediately after the murder, watching her in a mirror. Finally, he accuses her and she confesses. Will he give her up? He can hardly make up his own mind. He would like the sensation of taking her into police headquarters and pointing out to the police their own fatuousness.

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The reporter comes with news. Victor Holt is guarded by four men. If three can be drawn off he can overpower the other one. The reporter suggests that Clavering will do far better to capture the whole Scarlet Band than one poor little stenographer. This argument appeals to Clavering and he sets his brain to work. A message to the district attorney's office brings the promise that five men will reach Clavering's at exactly five minutes to six. A telephone to the Spanish woman to come with two men for news of the stenographer brings them at ten minutes to six. Clavering must hold them until the detectives are ready. At last comes the rattle of pebbles against the glass. The lights go out and at the signal five men rush the room. When the lights come on again, Clavering, like a monkey, is perched on top of the bookcase and the others are neatly pinioned. A second later Victor Holt, towing his guard, bursts into the room and Margaret falls into his arms. They are both safe and they have won their four years' fight. The leaders of the band are in safe keeping and a complete list of their associates: New York has been freed of a terrorist gang. The piece is staged by the authors, John Emerson and Robert Baker. Clavering, the chief figure of interest, is well played by Mr. Emerson. Margaret Holt is in the hands of Jane Gray and a very good second she makes. Altogether, the piece is well written, well staged and well acted, and judging from the enthusiasm of its reception it has come to stay.

ANN PAGE.

New York, Jan. 13, 1913.

Poor Manager Speyer of the New Zealand Insurance Company at San Francisco! Unable to protect himself from the twentieth century wooing of Miss Molly Freed—significant name—whose telephonic calls and over-the-wire blandishments got on his nerves, he appealed to the courts for protection. Miss Molly admitted her ardor, but attributed the bachelor's reluctance to "cold feet." She has promised to ring him up no more. Our sweet young men must be guarded even if a resort to lav is necessary. Molly Freed, indeed! Let us hope he is molly-fied by her pledge to the judge.

President George Reynolds of the Continental-Commercial National Bank of Chicago, who is coming to Pasadena from Washington, where he testified before the money trust committee, thinks the concentration of wealth in the hands of a few New Yorkers constitutes a menace to the country under our imperfect banking laws. He is right. The way to cure this defect, however, lies in the Aldrich measure of a bank of rediscount.

Los Angeles county may get eight new superior court judges if the bill introduced by Assemblyman Woodley is enacted into law. Pasadena is able to supply excellent material in that event and bespeaks two seats, at least.

HOW NEW YORK BANKS THRIVE

BANKING business in New York appears to be extremely profitable. President Baker of the First National Bank testified before the money trust investigating committee of the house that his modest little concern had managed to accumulate \$22,600,000 in dividends in the last four years. This, however, on a capital of \$10,000,000. As a matter of fact, the bank's original capital in 1874 was \$500,000. In 1901 it had attracted a surplus of \$21,100,000 of which \$9,500,000 in dividends was declared and added to the capital stock of the institution, still leaving a surplus of \$11,600,000. Since 1908 the \$22,600,000 dividends have been earned and in addition a regular dividend of 32 per cent was paid in that year, together with 100 per cent extra dividend for organizing the First Security Company to do business not authorized by the national bank act.

Mr. Baker is an optimist with an expansive conscience. He admitted that the security company was organized to take over certain railroad stocks to which the comptroller of the currency at Washington objected. When asked if he did not consider the new organization to be an evasion of the national banking act he cheerfully admitted to the contrary. Incidentally, the Security Company since its organization, he testified, has paid dividends of from 12 to 17 per cent a year, and has managed to lay by a surplus of \$4,000,000. The financial genius of Mr. Baker, who is the largest stockholder in the parent concern as well as in the accommodating offshoot, doubtless, is largely responsible for this prosperous condition.

It transpires that he and his son hold 25,000 shares of First National stock, Pierpont Morgan has 14,500 shares and two of the partners in Morgan & Co. have smaller holdings. When asked for a list of the bank's assets he demurred, considering such details confidential. He thought the public should be willing to do business "on the confidence it had in the men at the head of the banks" and should not ask for "facts in detail." In view of the interesting unfolding of profits enjoyed by the First National the stockholder or depositor in such surely need have no curiosity as to the details. The results are so picturesquely satisfying. Why should any pesky outsider want to know of the inside transactions of a bank that is able to earn 226 per cent in four years? We might ask, How can any bank earn not only those enormous dividends, but 32 per cent besides and 100 per cent extra? Perhaps an idea may be gained from the testimony of the New York broker, Henry, who told the committee that certain New York bankers had profited extensively by the flotation of California petroleum stock. He is now cited for contempt for refusing to divulge the names of the New York cormorants who have to be properly "feed," before they will visé a stock flotation. In this instance the California Petroleum Company put out \$17,500,000 of stock, back of which, it is said, was about \$8,000,000 of physical assets. For their good offices the bank officials are reputed to have received \$150,000.

President Baker is a director in a number of competing railroads, but he can see no reason why this is to anybody's disadvantage. To the contrary, he naively told his inquisitor that he considered it was beneficial for the roads to have a common director because "differences between the companies thus can be readily adjusted." In like manner he saw no reason why one bank should not control another. Just what use the committee will be able to make of the bank president's admissions is not quite clear. That a money trust does exist to the extent that a few men must be "seen" before any big flotation of stock in Wall street is possible doubtless the California Petroleum Company realizes and its experience is no whit different from that of countless other enterprises whose stock has been similarly placed. Herein is a partial explanation of the source of the big dividends earned by certain New York banks. But what can congress do about it? There is no tangible trust proved. As Mr. Morgan testified in effect, on a previous occasion, "When we get behind an industrial and apportion stock, our chief concern is to keep the street from attempting to get too much."



Dickey's Story on Bert Clark

Paul Dickey, college man and actor-playwright, whose breezy little college play, "The Come Back," has been delighting Orpheum frequenters this week, has just had accepted a four-act play which is to be brought out by the Harrises in New York this spring. Paul is a broth of a boy. The one sweet girl character in his present playlet is named Kitty Clover and when the original Kitty, who exchanged her surname for another several years ago, sat in front this week she was astonished to find that her father's daughter's name had been borrowed for histrionic purposes. Curiously enough the mother of the original of another character in the play, "Spin" Williams, also sat in the theater at the same time and was equally surprised to find her own college boy thus immortalized. Paul Dickey tells a good story on Bert Clark, also one of this week's headliners. Both had gone to the Alexandria. Dickey was in the grill room not yet assigned to a room when Bert rushed in exclaiming, "All right, boy, I'm beautifully fixed for \$17.50 per. Come on and I'll make 'em do as well by you. Paul finished his coffee and the two hastened to the desk.

"Fix my friend just as you've done me," urged Clark, pointing to Paul.

"Very well. Have you registered?" asked the room clerk.

"Yes," returned Dickey, showing his college bred chirography, "and the price will be?"

"Seventeen and a half a day, Mr. Dickey," was the affable reply.

"What!" shrieked Clark, "a day!"

"Why, yes," exclaimed the clerk, "Why?"

"Change my room, quick," gasped Bert; "I thought it was for the week."

Bigotry at Long Beach

Mrs. Fred Bixby, as all her friends know, is one of the kindest and gentlest of souls. A sweeter nature and a more charitable one probably is not to be found in Long Beach. Yet because she is a member of its City Club and with a number of her associates assiduously worked for a more tolerant measure in regard to hotel licensing than the prohibitionists were willing to yield, these members—the flower of Long Beach womanhood—were denounced from the pulpit by a bigoted "dry" as "whiskey hags!" Think of it! Mrs. Fred Bixby a whiskey hag! No wonder the town is all torn up by the recent election in which so great intolerance of spirit was displayed.

Mourning by Dr. —

In chronicling the elopement of Mrs. Olav Belle Warnock, a former society belle of Los Angeles, best known as the daughter of T. B. Clark, the auctioneer, with Captain William Burnside, U. S. A., military attache of the American legation at the City of Mexico, the daily press gave only half the story since they failed to mention the fact that their abrupt departure left a heartache in the cardiac region of one of the better known members of the medical profession of this city to whom Mrs. Warnock was engaged at the time of her wedding to the wearer of the shoulder straps.

Photoplayers In Front

Everybody in Los Angeles who has been in the limelight of publicity knows Willie Wing, for years one of the wheelhorse reporters of the Express. In his leisure hours Willie has let his literary bent lean toward the planning of scenarios for motion pictures and has made to great a success of the venture that he has been encouraged to forsake the reportorial desk for the scenario scent, so to say. Recently Willie organized the Photoplayers Club, having a membership of 170 comprising officials, directors and stars of all the licensed motion picture companies and most of the independents. He tells me that within a year Southern California will have the largest motion picture colony in the world. Forty-two companies are here now, with others coming in shortly. These turn out 900,000 feet of film a month, advertising our scenery and advantages to the whole world. The studios expend about \$150,000 a month, thus proving a good asset. The Photoplayers, representing the colony, are after a permanent home. The

St. Valentine ball, in Shrine Auditorium, February 14, will begin the fund. The general public will be guest. Famous personages of the screen will be hosts. There should be standing room only.

His Well Eearned Prosperity

Joseph Montrose, manager of the Majestic theater for Oliver Morosco, is impatiently awaiting the arrival of a brand new National touring car, which is said to be on its way from the east. This is additional evidence that Joseph is getting into the millionaire class of managers. Besides having charge of the Majestic he is the senior partner in an advertising firm which controls the Majestic, Burbank, and Morosco programs, and to this will be presently added the monopoly of the curtain advertising rights. His handsome home on Third avenue and Pico street is one of the attractions of that section of the city.

Not Looking for a Medal

Ralph Hetlich, assistant head bell man of the Hotel Alexandria, is not looking for a Carnegie medal because of the part he played in an incident that happened at the big hostelry Saturday of last week, but his employers are none the less pleased with his performance. A well-dressed stranger slightly inebriated had wandered into the hotel, and was found meandering about the basement floor late in the afternoon. An elevator operator who attempted to help him out was rebuffed by a loaded pistol which the stranger carelessly pointed in his direction. The office was notified, whereupon Hetlich slipped down stairs, calmly relieved the man of his gun and held him in durance until the police arrived.

Roses Take Upward Spurt

While most of the talk concerning the recent cold spell has been in regard to the damage done to the citrus crop, the injury to the floral interests of Southern California is not inconsiderable. Jack Frost's visit has caused the price for flowers here to jump almost to the pinnacle occupied by floral beauties in the storm swept east in winter time. My sympathies are with those loving swains who have been used to buying roses for a dollar a dozen, and now find they must pay five dollars with roses scarce at that figure.

Scarcity of Car Conductors

Officials of the Los Angeles Railway are facing a shortage of conductors for the city trolley cars. For the last few weeks fare collectors have been none too plentiful and extra motormen are being drafted into the service. The Los Angeles Railway executives attribute the scarcity to the rapidly increasing demands on the interurban lines where the work offers more inducements. The advantage lies in the longer runs, the ticket system, the speedier cars, fewer stops, and, usually, more even traffic. There has been talk of substituting women, but nothing has come of it yet.

How Art the Mighty Fallen

Time's whirligig has brought three of our once popular local theaters which in their day housed notables, to the motion picture stage. This trio includes the Belasco, now rechristened the Republic, the Grand, and the Lyceum. It required only a week to transform the Belasco from a first class theater into a motion picture house with an act or two of vaudeville thrown in for good measure and a ballyhoo man in front. The Grand where Booth and Barrett once trod the boards disappointed even the capable Billy Clune and is now a nickelodeon, running the cheapest type of films. The Lyceum which was the Orpheum for many years and at one time was Los Angeles' leading playhouse for traveling attractions, is running pictures pending a change in policy. O tempora, O Moses!

Prosecuting a Good Time

Captain John D. Fredericks played host to about forty of the visiting public prosecutors of the state at a theater party at the Orpheum Monday night, which was followed by a midnight supper at a local cafe. They tell me it was a joyous affair and that the staid and stern hounders of criminals put aside all legal dignity and pomp and acted much like a bunch of hilarious college boys. They ate at one big round table, sang old songs, made funny speeches, disported themselves generally and voted the captain an ideal host.

District Attorneys Restive

Because of the fight with Captain John D. Fredericks, the local district attorney, which dates back several years, the Express this week editorially attacked the visiting district prosecutors because they were trying to find a way to lighten their labors. Many of the guests were offended by the remarks of the Earl twilight sheet and at their session it was mentioned with scorn and contumely. I understand

that at several of the meetings many heated discussions took place. One of the topics which aroused sharp exchange of opinion was the amendment to the constitution providing that judges may instruct juries upon the question of fact as well as upon the question of law. Captain Fredericks was one of the strong opponents of this measure and proceeded to tell his opinion of the vulnerability of the judiciary to the shafts of mammon, and intimated that it was not necessary to aim for the heel if the shaft was sufficiently barbed with gold. Other attorneys maintained that it was impossible to secure intelligent, honest juries and that the change would greatly facilitate justice.

"Uncle Tom" Is Perturbed

Boxing fans of Southern California are worried over the prospect of a bill being passed at this session of the legislature which will deal a solar plexus blow to professional prize fighting in California, and give the count to the various mitt matinees and scrap soirees that have become so popular at Vernon with the local sporting fraternity. Uncle Tom McCarey, the veteran pugilistic promoter of Los Angeles, is said to be greatly perturbed and is planning to install a lobby at Sacramento to protect his interests. It is hinted that several well known sporting editors are under consideration for this purpose.

Home's Successful Merger

Merger of the National Bank of Commerce with the Home Savings Bank was consummated this week. The latter name will be retained and the institution will occupy the present quarters of that depository in the Alexander hotel building. The capital stock of the Home Savings Bank will be increased from \$400,000 to \$600,000. F. M. Douglas, the president of the National Bank of Commerce, will become vice president of the Home, with Henry J. Stave, cashier of the dissolving bank, assistant cashier under the new regime. The Home Savings Bank has been in strong hands from the start and this consolidation should win for it still greater esteem.

Orpheum Managers Confer

Herbert Meyerfeld, president of the Orpheum circuit of theaters with headquarters at San Francisco, has been a visitor of note in local theatrical circles this week. But little of the time was passed in his suite at the Alexandria. He has been occupied principally with conferences with Clarence Drown, the local resident manager for Martin Beck.

Dunlop's Dreary Experiment

That costly plaything, the Municipal News, for which George Dunlop is mainly responsible, is under investigation by the city council at the initiative of John Topham and Martin Betouski who are curious to know how many people are really interested in the publication. Its unhappy progenitor, Mr. Dunlop, stated that while it was the original intention to circulate 60,000 copies it had been possible to give away only half that number. Of the 60,000 cards set to resident taxpayers asking them to signify their desire to receive the Municipal News free of cost about 5 per cent responded. The appropriation made by the city for the maintenance of the weekly is \$36,000, but it is said that as high as \$50,000 has gone into it. It is a dreary experiment on which several bright newspaper men are frittering away their talents.

Good Press Agency Work

Frank Dyas, Billy Clune's Los Angeles press agent, stirred up clever publicity this week for the three Clune houses in Los Angeles by having the pictures of "From the Manger to the Cross" investigated by the motion picture censors of the city even after the national board of censorship in the east had thoroughly approved. He effected this by having guileless individuals declare the pictures to be sacrilegious. This afforded Clune the opportunity to give a special performance for the clubs, press, and pulpit in order to prove that they were not of the type that would offend the most devout. Score one.

S. R. O. Sign Out

"Sold Out" is the sign which is to be displayed to would-be purchasers of the capital stock of the Los Angeles Investment Company as soon as the present issue of shares has been sold, for at the meeting of the stockholders held recently it was decided to make the big building and investment firm a "closed corporation." At the same meeting it was also voted to have the dividend rate raised at the next session of the board of directors. At the election the votes cast represented more than two and a half million shares held by nearly 15,000 individuals. The decision to stop the sale of further stock was made as the result of the report of the directors at the annual meeting stating that the capital, resources, holdings and the surplus of the

corporation are sufficient for all operating purposes and for the fulfillment of the big projects under way in tract development and the like. In its comparatively few years of existence the Los Angeles Investment Company has shown strides that make it a monument to the work of President Elder. Incidentally, the idea of his astute assistant Ernest Ingold to have the stockholders visit the new building and vote on the proposition in person was a good stroke of publicity for it not only drew many of the stockholders there to see the new building and the fine offices of the company but the large crowd which surged through the handsome rotunda also made "copy" for various news column pictures and stories in the daily press.

Example of Forehandedness

To begin planning for Christmas in January, and to have all toys bought by the middle of March is the Arthur Letts way of doing business. Scarcely had the profits on the 1912 Christmas trade been computed before two of his trusted lieutenants, General Manager Harry Philp and Sales Manager Carroll, were arranging to send W. B. Elms, one of the head buyers, on a four months' tour of Europe to comb the continental factories for toys and other novelties for the succeeding Christmas trade. Elms left this week on the Golden State Limited for New York and will sail for Europe February 4. He has carte blanche to purchase goods that will run into six figures in value.

Nelles Persistently Thwarted

In spite of the efforts being made to undermine Superintendent Nelles at Whittier, I have it on good authority that Governor Johnson will not listen to those seeking Nelles' discomfiture. The Whittier man is believed to be both honest and sincere, and while his reform policy may be crude in spots, it is said to be an improvement over the former system, which cost the state in excess of \$300,000 a year, yet seldom effected any cures. Inmates from the state school were generally marked and Nelles is trying to avoid this discrimination and give the youngsters a chance to succeed. Many of the boys who go into the school when in their teens remain there until they attain their majority, and Nelles is making an effort to give all the lads who are deserving an opportunity to make the best use of such years so they may start aright when they are released. Although there is a minimum of graft and crooked politics in the school Nelles' humanitarian efforts are being thwarted by certain newspapers which seem determined to prevent the carrying into effect of his policies.

Fares to the Fairs

Railroad officials already are considering the problem of round trip fares to the San Diego and San Francisco expositions. At other world's fairs it has been a custom to grant a round trip rate that was less than a "one-way" price, and, naturally, the people expect this concession for the California shows. It is argued, however, that the journey out here is so long and there is so little profit in the rate charged that to reduce it further is impossible, especially as the large crowds will entail an immense outlay for new rolling stock, double tracking, etc. I hear that the presidents of the several lines affected are to meet and agree upon a program, leaving their passenger departments to ratify their decisions later.

Federal Judgeship in Prospect

United States Circuit Judge Olin Wellborn, who will have reached the age of seventy in the middle of the year, may then retire on full pay, and it is believed he will follow this course, although he has not revealed his plans. Judge Wellborn has been in his present position more than twenty years, and in that time has won an enviable reputation. With a Democratic President, there is, of course, a more than reasonable assurance that Judge Wellborn's successor will be affiliated with that organization. The judicial district affected extends from Fresno to San Diego, taking in the coast counties within the two points, so that while Los Angeles will try to secure the position, the appointee may come from outside. It will not surprise me if the place is tendered to Lynn Helm of Los Angeles or Judge Conley of Madera. The latter jurist who is well known in the state, was, I believe, a Democratic aspirant for the state supreme court on two different occasions.

Line on Mexico

President Woodrow Wilson's attitude in the Mexican situation is a subject for speculation among those who have important interests south of the Rio Grande. It is believed that Mr. Wilson will not dally with the situation as has his predecessor. In case the new secretary of state is William J. Bryan, it is believed there will be no interference. That would suit both factions down there, it is reported.

Music

By W. Francis Gates

Those who would whisper of the decadence of the Los Angeles symphony orchestra should have attended the concert of last week. Not of late has the Hamiltonian band played with the unity and exactness of that program. One reason, doubtless, could be found in the inspiring group of selections offered. For the first time in six or seven years, Director Hamilton yielded his baton to a visiting conductor. The last time he extended this courtesy was, I believe, to Henry Schoenfeld, in April, 1904, preceded by Frederick Zech, Jr., of San Francisco, in February, 1903. Mr. Hamilton emphasized the courtesy by himself going to the stand and handing his baton to the young composer, Adolf Tandler. Nor was the attention undeserved, for Mr. Tandler's composition called "The Sustained C" is a work which compels the respect of the musician. As hinted in its title, it is founded on a persistent sounding of a low "C" by the basses — this carried throughout the work. One might immediately argue monotony from this combination, but such is not the effect. Much of the time the "C" harmonizes with the tones above it; part of the time there is passing dissonance which is overlooked by the ear as being in the minority; and for the rest, when the dissonance would be too great, the composer obligingly lets his "C" sink into a pianissimo. There was a good deal said in the press about the "C" representing a persistent force of evil drawing and attempting to conquer the other spirits, and so on. But I believe Mr. Tandler was more engaged in seeing what beauty he could evolve out of such a problem, rather than in trying to insert psychology into music. At any rate, it is a rattling good piece of work and was conducted by its writer with a precision that argues the experienced hand.

Schumann's "Fourth" was the symphony offered. This is the third time the work has been played by Mr. Hamilton, it having been programmed by the orchestra in March, 1904, and November, 1907. One may, thoughtlessly, rank this work among the old classics, but it is modern, far beyond Mendelssohn. Hearing it, ignorant of its author, one might class it as by an extremely well-schooled modern writer. Having no breaks between movements, it lasts for just half an hour—a good test of the staying power of the listener. The orchestra played it with fine effect. The novelty of the program was a "Danse Negre" from an "African" suite by Coleridge-Taylor, recently deceased. This composer proved that the negro may have high talent and achieve great results if it is combined with perseverance—a thing the race as a whole lacks. This movement is brilliant, characteristic and has a spiciness in that it is fitting the theme. The results are obtained by real musicianship, not by awkward strivings for the bizarre.

Juan de la Cruz was the soloist of the concert. His voice is a cultured baritone, but not of sufficient power to get his Wotan's "Farewell" to the audience in the midst of the strong backing of the broad Wagnerian accompaniment. I had to make a similar criticism when the same number was given by Harry Barnhart with the orchestra in December, 1903. Mr. de la Cruz was more successful in his "Don Juan" aria. As encores he used a song

by George Henschel, with orchestration by Harley Hamilton and the "Pagliacci" prologue, sung by Clifford Lott at these concerts in February, 1904, and by Gogorza in November, 1908. The soloist's best work was in the latter number. It is said he has been suffering with throat trouble, which may account for the condition of his voice. He has fine dramatic feeling and one would like to hear him in opera and in good voice.

Another talented young pianist is making her appearance in Los Angeles, ready for professional honors. Miss Ruth Deardorff, a pupil of Mr. Waldo Chase, has been pleasing audiences with a fine and varied repertoire which she plays with skill and sympathy. She is equally familiar with the classics



Miss Ruth Deardorff

and the latest note of the moderns, playing Debussy with a special charm. Mr. Chase pronounces Miss Deardorff ready for drawing room entertaining or for appearance upon the concert platform. Both teacher and pupil are to be congratulated upon the refined and quiet style of Miss Deardorff's work, which lacks nothing of strength and shows no affectations.

Better work on the part of the orchestra and a larger audience, is the record of last Sunday's concert of the People's Orchestra. The program was timed to an hour and a half—just right to send the people home with an appetite for more—which they can get tomorrow in a program even better. Two numbers call for special mention. One was an overture by Rudolph Kopp, a member of the orchestra. It is a concert overture without program and was first played under the composer's baton in Vienna in 1906. The admission to the popular concerts there is ten cents of our money—but it would take a mechanic an hour and a half to earn that much. In Los Angeles he would have to work only half as long to pay his 25 cents' admission fee to the people's concert. So, really these concerts of ours are cheaper than those of Vienna. The other number was the solos of Margaret Jarman, contralto,

"THEATER
BEAUTIFUL"

THE AUDITORIUM
FAREWELL WEEK

L. E. BEHYMER,
Manager

Lambardi GRAND OPERA Company

COMPANY OF 100. TWENTY DISTINGUISHED OPERATIC STARS.
ORCHESTRA 35. CHORUS 40.

Monday Night: LUCIA With Vicarino, Folco, Giovachinni, Martino.
Tuesday: AMICO FRITZ (Mascagni) First Time This Season.
Wednesday Matinee: BARBER OF SEVILLE, (Popular Prices); Wednesday Evening: AIDA.
Thursday: CARMEN; Friday, CAVALLERIA RUSTICANA and I'PAGLI-ACCI. Saturday Matinee: THAIS; Saturday Evening: IL TROVATORE.
Prices: Nights and Saturday Matinee, 25c to \$1.50. Box and Loges, \$2.00. Special Price BARBER OF SEVILLE Wednesday Matinee.

Monday Night, January 27: Joint Recital of

Mme. Corinne Rider-Kelsey, Soprano
Mr. Claude Cunningham, Baritone

Philharmonicon Course Event
Prices 50c, 75c, \$1.00, \$1.50 and \$2.00 Seat Sale at Baralett's and the Auditorium.

an aria from the little known "Don Carlos" of Verdi, followed by a "Carmen" aria done in English, a commendable change from the custom of singing French or Italian to an audience which does not understand either. Miss Jarman's singing was the best I have heard from her, and that is saying a good deal. Paloma Schramm, pianist, will be heard at tomorrow's concert in the Grieg concerto, with orchestral accompaniment.

At the annual dinner of the Gamut Club last week, the chief guests were Mr. and Mrs. Godowsky. Mr. Godowsky was introduced by President Blanchard and responded in a witty speech to certain statements made by Blanchard as to the later's experiences in Paris. Later, the pianist played for the club. At the election of officers which followed, the following board of directors was elected: F. W. Blanchard, L. E. Behymer, C. E. Pemberton, R. W. Wade, Andrew W. Francisco. The reports of the president and of the secretary showed the club to be in a flourishing condition, with a total membership of 532 and an active list of 330. In private, Mr. Godowsky compared this club favorably with the Bohemian Club of New York, of which he recently was a guest, with the added comment, "but it has no such handsome club house as this."

Incidentally, full credit was done Mr. Godowsky in these columns last week. In the report of his recital, written the next morning, it was said that he omitted the usual aqueous contribution generally — almost invariably — made by pianists to Southern California. After the Gamut Club meeting, where he played again, the belated moisture began to arrive and the record maintained intact that "artist pianists bring rain." Behymer's piano mascot is still working.

After the performance given "Thais" by the Lambardi company, last year at the Majestic, with Alvina in the title role, one expected the company would keep up to its record. But it did not. Mme. Vicarino, singing the role this week, has a beautiful, light voice which she handles with all skill, and she wears an elaborate and costly gown—and there you are. She is not built on the lines that one is accustomed to consider physically seductive and her amorous gestures were hardly to the manner born. The Athanael of Nicoletti was ponderous and Hebraic in style, yet his voice is one of beautiful timbre and he sang the role with dignity. The chorus was gorgeously costumed and sang with its accustomed vigor. But the whole performance sadly needed a stage manager. Mr. Lambardi should visit a few of the Savage productions and witness the attention to detail which that manager entails on his companies. All of these things were much more satisfactory last season. It is unnecessary to make comparisons, but memory preserves the "Thais" of last year as perhaps the

most finished performance ever given here by the Lambardi organization—which is never the same two successive seasons—or this year, half-seasons.

At his piano recital at Blanchard hall—in former years the scene of the best recitals given here — Gottfried Galston entertained a small audience, largely of local pianists. Galston had a hard time of it—following so closely on the heels of Godowsky, but he gave a good account of himself and his art. He plays with a big tone and at times shows unusual brilliancy. His Chopin preludes were given with a style and finish delightful, especially the Number 18. In his interpretation of the Schumann sonata he was less successful, not seeming to find it a vehicle for romantic expression and giving it in rather a pedantic way. On the other hand his Brahms was highly enjoyable and a delight to lovers of that, perhaps, overlauded master. The prominent characteristic of his playing is its brilliancy, though this is combined with an intellectuality that removes the imputation of pyrotechnics alone. The general public was not acquainted with his standing as an artist and "stapped awa." It takes a generation of persistent newspaper booming to make a new artist financially successful in Los Angeles.

Never has Manager Behymer taken more pride in presenting a series of programs to his patrons than in offering the two to be given at the Auditorium January 30 and February 1, by Madame Marcella Sembrich. Recently, in New York, Madame Sembrich gave a program before the largest audience ever assembled in Carnegie Hall, one composed of the collective artistic appreciation of musical New York, and her hearers heaped the stage with masses of floral offerings, in addition to their artistic appreciation. This will be Mme. Sembrich's last appearance in the city for several years, as for the next three seasons she tours South America, Europe and Australia.

Accidents Unnecessary

Carelessness is the cause of 99 per cent of the accidents that happen at street crossings and in getting on and off cars. It has become so gross that in order to save life and limb the Los Angeles Railway Company is now spending thousands of dollars in spreading the gospel of safety under the direction of the lectures of the Public Safety League.

Here are the rules of the league for the prevention of accidents:

Never cross a street without looking in both directions.

Never get on or off a moving car.

Never underestimate the speed of an approaching vehicle—better wait a minute than spend weeks in the hospital.

Never cross behind a car without assuring yourself that there is not another coming in the opposite direction.

Never stand on the steps.

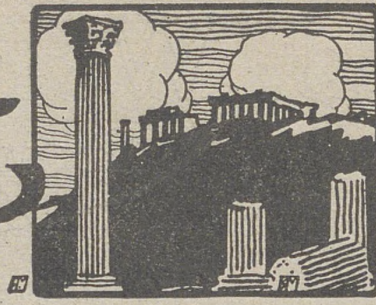
Never let your children play in the streets.

Never get off backwards.

LOS ANGELES RAILWAY CO.



Art



By Everett C. Maxwell

EXHIBITIONS NEXT WEEK.
Maynard Dixon—Steckel Gallery.
Anne Bremer—Friday Morning Club.

To discover a genius in the advanced age in which we are living would be contrary to all accepted form. It seems that the only proper period for the unearthing of such specimens closed with the declining sun of the last generation. In the palmy days of long ago, when Mme. Modjeska, Sarah Bernhardt, and Ellen Terry were in their prime, it was not uncommon to be treated to a real discovery in the line of a literary, musical, or artistic genius, and the world today is greatly indebted to the artists mentioned for the finding and bringing out of more real celebrities than can be accredited to any similar trio in history. Mme. Modjeska it was who discovered and financed Paderewski, and later Josef Hofman and a score of other now famous folk too numerous to mention.

Unfortunately, I cannot claim the distinction of bringing to public notice the talented young Spanish painter, Francisco Cornejo, whose studio is on South Flower street. This honor belongs to a worthy contemporary, but I can at least be the first to review his delicate art and cast a prophecy regarding his future success. The first startling disclosure concerning this painter is his age. He is only nineteen. Second sensation is, he has never in all his life received even one lesson in art, yet today I class Cornejo among the best of the younger painters of the west and many of his canvases compare favorably with the work of veteran artists. Young Cornejo came to Los Angeles from the City of Mexico less than a year ago. In the first few months of his stay here he was employed in the decorative studios of Karpatz, Martin and Hoelgel. Later, he opened a barn studio at the South Flower location and has since devoted his time to out-of-door sketching. If good fortune had not directed the attention of Mr. John W. Mitchell to the work of young Cornejo, chill penury might have "repressed this noble rage and frozen the genial current of his soul." Mr. Mitchell knows good art when he sees it and he has commissioned Cornejo to paint a series of mural decorations for the Mitchell home at First street and Vermont avenue. This work is now well under way and promises to make its designer locally famous.

Cornejo is essentially a decorator. His collection of paintings and his "barn beautiful" prove this fact. He possesses a rare sense of color, which at all times is exquisite, harmonious, and refined to a poetical degree of perfection. His landscape and marine impressions in gray and lavender tones are as lovely as antique mosaics, and his bolder handlings, while less spontaneous, are notable for their excellent composition and fine sense of color arrangement. His decorative work is characterized by rare good taste and a free and easy use of lines makes it worthy of artistic consideration. One mural frieze in his "Aztec Den" is of great merit as is also a peacock design seen in the studio. His studio is a work of art in its general arrangement and color scheme and its many unique and picturesque accessories be-

speak the true creative instinct which will one day place this lad to the fore of the profession.

Wednesday of this week was opened at the Steckel Gallery an exhibition of the late work in oil by Maynard Dixon. This important announcement scarcely needs the critic's embellishment to recommend it to the art loving public. The name of Maynard Dixon has long been a familiar one to all who read desert and Indian stories, for no western tale is considered complete that is not illustrated by this comprehensive western painter. For a long time, I confess, I did not think of Dixon other than as a clever illustrator, and in fact not many in the southland have had an opportunity to study his painted canvases. A few months ago I reviewed in these columns a mural decoration of western life designed by Mr. Dixon for the new McClaughey home near Santa Anita and many of my readers came to look upon this artist in a new light. For the last week a huge decorative canvas, called "The Pioneers," has been on public view at the Steckel Gallery. This canvas was painted by Mr. Dixon and presented to the Southwest Museum where it will receive a permanent hanging in Frontier Hall as soon as the edifice is completed. The color scheme of this giant canvas is rich yet subdued, and remarkably atmospheric in its rendering. In the distance is a range of blue mountains. Low reddish buttes skirt these hills and in the middle distance is seen a sunny valley, which two horsemen stand—pioneers of the great west. To the right is seen a herd of buffalo and at the left a prairie schooner advances. This noble decoration promises well for the high excellence of the forthcoming collection of Dixon paintings which will be on view until January 31.

Members of the art committee of the Friday Morning Club, of which Mrs. Randall Hutchison is chairman, were the hostesses Saturday afternoon, January 18, at a reception and tea in honor of Miss Anne Bremer of San Francisco. Miss Bremer is holding an exhibition of her impressionistic paintings at the Friday Morning club house, a detailed review of which will be given in these columns next week.

The Sketch Club gave a "Spanish evening" Saturday, January 11, in its club rooms in the Copp building. Colored reproductions of the work of ancient and modern Spanish masters were on view and several papers on Spanish art were read by members. A general discussion of Spanish art followed. The Sketch Club is planning a series of these "art evenings" and it is hoped that much interest will be created among the club members.

Xarifa Hamilton Towner will hold a two weeks' exhibition of late work in pastel and oil colors at the Royer Gallery, beginning February 1.

January International Studio opens with an article by Christian Brinton on "The Progressive Spirit in Scandinavian Art." Norman Garstin writes of "The Art of Harold and Laura Knight" and Helene Laillet tells of "The Home of an Artist." Arthur Hoeber contributes an article on "Henry Caro-Del-Vaille," and Ernest Elmo Calkins reviews "The Principles of Advertising Arrangement." "Garden and Terraces at the Hill, Hampstead

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Heath," "A Viennese Exhibition of Arts and Crafts," "A Note on the Work of the Czech Painter. Rudolph Bem," "The Old and New Schools of Japanese Painting," "Sixth Annual Exhibition of the National Society of Craftsman" are all well considered articles. "Studio Talk," "Art School Notes," Reviews and Notices," "The Lay Figure" and "In the Galleries" complete the contents.

In Blanchard Gallery, Monday, February 3, there will open an exhibition of the late work of Raffaello Montalboddi.

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Social & Personal

Mr. Richard Dillon of Commonwealth avenue announces the engagement of his daughter, Miss Molly Dillon, to Mr. George Neville Warwick. Owing to the fact that Miss Dillon's family is in mourning, no date has been set for the wedding.

In honor of her sister-in-law, Mrs. A. H. Reakirt of New York, who is staying at the Alexandria, Mrs. John Hastings Howard entertained Thursday with a luncheon at the home of her parents, Lieut-Gen. and Mrs. Adna R. Chaffee of 987 Magnolia avenue. Rosebuds and ferns formed the centerpiece for the prettily decorated table, and places were marked for Mrs. Robert Sherman, Mrs. Cameron Erskine Thom, Mrs. Adna R. Chaffee, Mrs. Alfred French, Mrs. James H. Adams, Mrs. Harry B. Ainsworth, Mrs. Farnham of New York, Miss Clark and Miss Foster.

Tomorrow afternoon Mrs. L. N. Brunswig of 3528 West Adams street will give a musicale to which both men and women have been bidden. Assisting her in receiving will be Mrs. Hugh Livingston Macneil, Mrs. Mary Wilcox Longstreet, Mrs. Wesley Clark, Mrs. Hancock Banning, Mrs. W. A. Edwards and Miss Lynch.

Mr. and Mrs. William R. Staats introduced their young daughters, the Misses Isabel Watson and Miss Clara Watson to society Tuesday evening at a reception given at the Annandale country club, guests including many friends from Los Angeles and environs. Pink blossoms and masses of greenery decorated the clubhouse. An informal dance followed the reception and later supper was served. Assisting the hosts in receiving were Meses. W. A. Bailey, E. F. Robbins, S. Hazard Halsted, Joseph Hixon, Robert Flint, Harry Gray, Charles Hamilton, Harry Robinson, John Earle Jardine, Edward Groenen-dyke, John B. Miller, H. Page Warden, Fred Elmer Wilcox, A. A. Libby and W. A. Brackenridge.

Mrs. W. D. Woolwine has just returned from Nashville, Tenn., where she went to meet her daughter, Miss Martha Woolwine, who with Miss Dorothy Lindley, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Walter Lindley of this city, passed the holidays with Mr. Woolwine's brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton S. Woolwine. The young women have returned to the National Cathedral School, Washington, D. C. Mr. and Mrs. Woolwine are making their home at Hotel Darby, and have as their guest Mrs. Hugh Graham Millar, their niece from New York.

Mrs. Motley H. Flint of New Hampshire street has left for a visit in New York city.

Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Normandin are at home to their friends at 1408 Manhattan place, the residence of Mrs. Normandin's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Emil Castellano.

Mrs. Roland P. Bishop of 1280 West Adams street will entertain with two luncheons the coming week, both affairs in honor of Mrs. Richard Bishop, an eastern visitor.

Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Smith are established in their own home on Manhattan street. Mrs. Smith was formerly Miss Edna Bennett, niece of Mrs. Theodore Eisen, and was a recent bride.

Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Scarborough gave a box party at the Morosco Monday evening in honor of their niece, Miss Albertine Pendleton, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius W. Pendleton, who was a recent debutante. After the per-

formance supper was served at the Alexandria. Guests for the evening were Miss Mildred Burnett, Miss Katherine Barbour, Miss Edith Rankin, Mr. Frank Simpson, Jr., Mrs. C. W. Pendleton, Jr., Mr. John Rankin and Mr. Lon McCoy.

Miss Virginia Walsh, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Walsh of Harvard boulevard, has returned from San Francisco, where she has been the guest of her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Axton Jones.

Miss Aileen McCarthy will be the guest of honor at an informal afternoon tea tomorrow afternoon, given by Captain and Mrs. Randolph Huntington Miner of West Adams street.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Avery McCarthy of Fifth and Norton avenue will be host and hostess at a large dinner party Saturday evening, January 25, the affair to take place at the Los Angeles Country Club. Members of the younger set will enjoy the occasion, and special guests will be two recent debutantes, Miss Sarah Clark, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Clark of 41 Westmoreland place and Miss Lillian Van Dyke, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Martin Van Dyke of West Adams street.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Wallace have taken a home in Alhambra for the winter months. In the spring they will return to their home in Delano, Cal. Mrs. Wallace was formerly Miss Earlda Baker.

Mrs. Madison Stewart complimented Miss Louise Fleming and Miss Margaret Fleming, two of the popular debutantes, with a box party at the Mason Opera House Monday evening, followed by supper at the Alexandria. Covers were arranged for the hostess and guests of honor and for Mr. and Mrs. Thomas J. Fleming, Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Fox of Philadelphia, Major and Mrs. John Taylor Jones, Mr. Harry Hooker and Dr. Collins.

Mrs. I. N. Van Nuys and Miss Kate Van Nuys are at the Hershey Arms temporarily, and will remove to their own home on West Sixth street as soon as it has been remodeled. Miss Annis Van Nuys will soon return from the east, and it is whispered that there will be an interesting announcement in the near future.

Miss Mabel Seeley, daughter of Mrs. Leah J. Seeley of South Figueroa street, has returned to Lake Forest seminary, Illinois, after passing the holidays with her mother.

Miss Eleanor Banning, daughter of Mrs. Hancock Banning of Wilmington, has also returned to school.

Miss Mildred Whitnah, daughter of Mr. C. L. Whitnah of West Adams street, has chosen February 12 as the date of her marriage to Mr. Monro Dean Montgomery, son of Mr. and Mrs. George A. Montgomery. Miss Dorothea Whitnah will assist her sister as maid of honor, and the bridesmaids will be Miss Ellen Skinner and Miss Margaret Gould. Mr. Richard Montgomery will attend his brother as best man, and Messrs. Villas Hubbard of Pasadena and Willard Fishburn of San Diego will act as groomsmen.

Miss Nita German, daughter of Mr. C. T. German of Kenwood avenue, will become the bride of Mr. George R. Murdock, Jr., at a quiet home ceremony Wednesday, January 22, at noon. As Miss German is just recovering from a long illness, she is accepting no pre-nuptial entertainments and will have no attendants at the wedding. The young folks will enjoy an automo-

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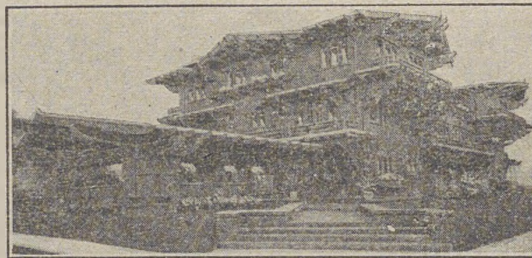
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a reception to be held Friday afternoon, January 31, at the home of the latter, 347 Ardmore avenue.

Mrs. William E. Ramsay of Western avenue will offer the hospitality of her home for the Neighborhood board, which will give its annual tea Wednesday afternoon, January 22. The bazaar booths, filled with tempting fancy work articles, candies, etc., will be presided over by debutantes and members of the younger set, and assisting Mrs. Ramsay in receiving will be Mrs. Robert Marsh, Mrs. Wesley Clark, Mrs. Sumner P. Hunt, Mrs. Henry T. Lee, Mrs. Spencer H. Smith, Mrs. Isaac Milbank, Mrs. A. C. Stilson, Mrs. C. B. Boothe, Mrs. W. S. Lysle, Mrs. J. B. Lippincott, Mrs. A. M. Smith, Mrs. Thomas P. Knight and Mrs. Archibald Macleish.

General and Mrs. John W. Foster, of Washington, D. C., who have been the house guests of General Foster's cousin, Mrs. W. W. Stilson of Kensington road, are enjoying a stay at Hotel del Coronado. Later in the season they will return to Los Angeles, when the Daughters of the American Revolution—of which Mrs. Foster is honorary president general—will compliment her with a large reception. General and Mrs. Foster will return to Washington about April.

Saturday evening, January 25, the Amateur Players will give a program for their active members at Cumstock Hall. A series of one-act sketches will be given, and an informal dance will follow.

Fancy dress will be the rule at the annual ball of the Bachelor's Club, which is to take place Tuesday evening, February 4, at Hotel Alexandria. Mardi-Gras appointments will prevail, and the affair will be a merry farewell to the gay winter season, and the last event before the ushering in of the Lenten season. The patronesses include Mrs. Hancock Banning, Mrs. John Balch, Mrs. Ernest A. Bryant, Mrs. Michael J. Connell, Mrs. Adna R. Chaffee, Mrs. James Calhoun Drake, Mrs. William May Garland, Mrs. Granville MacGowan, Mrs. Randolph Huntington Miner, Mrs. Hugh Livingston Macneil, Mrs. William Ramsay and Mrs. Joseph F. Sartori. Governors of the club will act as hosts—namely, Messrs. Charles Seyler, Jr., Morgan Adams, James Page, Sayre Macneil, Henry S. Daly, William Kay Crawford, Philo Lindley, Gurney E. Newlin, Maynard McFie, John C. Macfarland, George Ennis, and William P. Reid.

Miss Bernardine Williams, daughter of Mrs. J. C. Henderson of Ardmore avenue, was married Tuesday morning to Mr. Harold A. Waddington, U. S. N., only intimate relatives witnessing the ceremony, at which the Rev. Parker P. Lee officiated. The bride wore her going away gown of canary-colored broadcloth and a gold-lace hat, and her bouquet was a corsage of orchids and lilies of the valley. Mrs. Robert K. Hiddleston, who assisted her sister as matron of honor, wore a tailored gown of lavender broadcloth, and carried white rosebuds. Mr. Chester Baughmann, U. S. N., served as best man. The ceremony took place in a bower of white roses and ferns in the living room. A wedding breakfast was served at a table decorated with many rosebuds, a novel feature being the centerpiece—a miniature battleship formed of the blossoms. Places were marked with bridal sketches and favors were white satin boxes of wedding cake. Covers were arranged for Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Henderson, Mr. and Mrs. Robert M. Hiddleston, Mr. and Mrs. Bertram Waddington, Lieutenant Chester Baughmann and the Rev. Parker P. Lee. Mr. and Mrs. Waddington are enjoying a honeymoon trip through the north, and will pass a week in this city before going to San Diego, where Mr. Waddington will rejoin his ship.

Countess Marie of The Angels

I.

As he turned out of his hotel in the Avenue de l'Opera, comparatively obscure at that hour, and emerged into the grands boulevards, Paris flashed upon him, all at once, her brightest illumination; row upon row of lamps tapering away in a double file to meet in a single point of light far away in the direction of the Place de la Republique. If it was winter by the calendar, the languid mellowness of a fine autumn lingered in the air. The Boulevard des Italiens was massed with wayfarers, sauntering, lounging with aimless and amiable nonchalance, while a gay Sunday crowd monopolized all the little tables outside the small and large cafes.

Colonel Mallory searched for a vacant place at one of them, then abandoned the search and moved slowly along, joining the rest of the throng with steps as aimless, but with sentiments somewhat remote from theirs.

Fifty, perhaps, of middle stature, his white moustache was in striking contrast with his short, crisp hair which had retained its original darkness. Obviously English, with his keen, blue eyes; obviously a soldier too, in gait and bearing, and in a certain sternness which comes of command, of high responsibility in perilous places, even when that command is kindly. An Anglo-Indian, to judge by his complexion, and the lines, tell-tale of the tropics, which scored his long, lean face, the color of parchment. Less obviously English, and hardly military, was a certain grace, almost exotic, in his manner. He had emerged into the Boulevard Montmartre before a cafe, less frequented than the others, caught his eye, and with a certain relief he could possess himself of a vacant chair on the terrasse. He ordered a drink, lit a cigar, and settled himself to watch with an interest which was not so much present as retrospective, the crowd of passers-by. And as he watched his eyes softened into sadness.

He had arrived from England that morning—he had not so very long arrived from India—and this crowd, these lights, the hard, bright gaiety of the boulevards was at once fantastically strange to him and strangely familiar; for, twenty, or was it nearer thirty years ago, Paris had been to him not merely the city of cities, but that one of them which most represented old associations, his adolescence, boyhood, childhood. True, there had been Les Rochers, the dilapidated chateau, half ruin to his recollection, and now wholly a ruin, or perhaps demolished—Les Rochers in the Vendee, where he had been born, where he had spent his summer holidays, where—how many years ago?—being at home on leave, just after he had obtained his company, he had closed the eyes of his mother.

But Paris! It was his best remembered boyhood; the interrupted studies in the Quarter, the Lycee, the boyish friendships, long since obliterated, the days of conge spent in the little hotel in the Rue de Varennes, where, more often than at Les Rochers, his mother, on her perpetual couch, economized her delicate days—days even then so clearly defined—as it were in an half twilight. Yes, until death and estrangement and the stern hand of circumstance had cast away that old life into the limbo of the dear irrevocable, that old life had been—Paris! Episodes the rest; the occasional visits to the relations of his English father; and later, episodes too, London, murky London, the days at Wren's, the month or so with an army-coach at Bonn, the course at Woolwich; almost episodic too the first year of his soldiering. Quartered at Dover, what leave fell to him, he had spent in Paris—at Les Rochers sometimes, but more often at Paris—in those strangely silent rooms in the Rue de Varennes.

Looking out now, the phantasmagoria of the boulevards was obliterated and those old days floated up before him. Long before Woolrich: that time when he was a Lycee, in the winter holidays. A vision so distinct! His mother's salon, the ancient, withered furniture, the faded silk of the Louis XV chairs, the worn carpet; his mother's refined and suffering face, the quaint bird-like features of the two old Mesdemoiselles de la Touche—the near neighbors of his mother and the most intimate gossip round her couch—two ancient sisters, very noble and very withered, dating from Charles X., absorbed in good works, in the merits of their confessor, and in the exile of Frohsdorf. Very shadowy figures, more shadowy even than that of himself, in the trim uniform of his Lycee; a grave and rather silent boy, saddened by the twilight of that house, the atmosphere of his invalid mother.

More distinct was the dainty figure of a little girl, a child of fifteen, but seeming younger, united to him by a certain cousinship, remote enough to be valued, who, on her days of exit from the Sacre Coeur (his mother's constant visitor), talked with him sedately, softly—for there was a sort of hush always in that house—in an alcove of the somber room. This child with her fragility, her face of a youthful Madonna, the decorous plaits in which her silken hair was gathered, losing thereby some of its lustre—the child seemed incongruous with and somewhat crushed and awed beneath the weight of her sonorous names: Marie-Joseph-Angele de la Tour de Boiserie.

What did they converse of on these long and really isolated afternoons—isolated, for their elders, if they were present, and their presence overshadowed them, were really so remote, with their lives in the past, in lost things: their so little hold on, or care of, the future?

But these were young, and if some of the freshness of youth had been sacrificed a little to what was oppressive in their surroundings, yet they were young things, with certain common interests, and a future before them, if not of boundless possibilities, still a future.

Yet it was hardly of love which they could speak, though their kindness for each other, fostered by somewhat similar conditions, had ripened into that feeling. Of love there could be no question; for Sebastian Mallory, as for his little companion, their life, as it should be, had been already somewhat arranged. For Angele, had not the iron-featured old grandmother, in her stately but penurious retreat near Les Rochers, resolved long ago that the shattered fortunes of a great house, so poor in all but name, were to be retrieved by a rich marriage? And for Sebastian, was not all hope of fortune centered in his adhesion to the plan which had so long been made for him: the course at Woolrich, the military career—with its prosperous probabilities beneath the protection of an influential relative—the exile, as it sometimes seemed to him then, in England?

Certainly, there was much affection between these two, an affection maintained on the strength of the ambiguous cousinship, in a correspondence, scanty, but on each side sincere, for at least a few years after their roads had diverged. And there were other memories, later and more poignant, and as distinct, which surged up before his eyes; and the actual life of the boulevards grew vaguer. Had life been too much arranged for them? Had it been happier, perhaps, for him, for her, if they had been less acquiescent to circumstance, had interpreted duty, necessity—words early familiar to them—more leniently?

Colonel Mallory, at fifty, with his prosperous life behind him—and it had not been without its meed of glory—wondered tonight whether, after all, it had not been with prophetic fore-

sight, that once, writing, in a sudden mood of despondency, more frankly than usual, to that charming friend of his boyhood, he had said, years ago:

"I feel all this is a mistake;" and, lower down in the same letter: "Paris haunts me like a regret. I feel, as we say here, 'out of it.' And I fear I shall never make a good soldier. Not that I mean that I am lacking in physical courage, nor that I should disgrace myself under fire. But there is a difference between that and possession of the military vocation, and nature never designed me to be a man of action. . . . My mother, you, yourself, my dear, grave cousin and councillor, think much of duty, and I shall always endeavor to do mine—as circumstances have set it down for me—but there is a duty one owes to oneself, to one's character, and in that, perhaps, I have failed."

A letter, dated "Simla," the last he would ever write to Mademoiselle de la Tour de Boiserie, actually, at that time, though of this fact he was ignorant, betrothed to a certain Comte Raoul des Anges. The news of the marriage reached him months later, just fresh from the excitement and tumult of a little border war, from which he had returned with a name already associated with gallantry, and a somewhat ugly wound from a Pathan spear.

In hospital, in the long nights and days, in the grievous heats, he had leisure for thought, and it is to be presumed he exercised it in a more strict analysis of his feelings, and it was certainly from this date that a somewhat stern reticence and reserve, which had always characterized his manner, became ingrained and inveterate.

And it was reticently, incidentally, and with little obvious feeling that he touched on the news in a letter to his mother:

"Et ce M. des Anges, dont je ne connais que le nom, est-il digne de notre enfant? His name at least is propitious. Tell la petite cousine—or tell her not, as you think fit, that to me she will always be 'Marie of the Angels.'"

II.

That had seemed the end of it, of their vaguely tender and now so incongruous relation; as it was inevitably the end of their correspondence. And he set himself, buoyed up by a certain vein of austerity in his nature, to conquer that instinctive distaste which, from time to time, still exercised him towards his profession, to throw himself into its practice and theory, if not with ardor, at least with an earnestness that was its creditable imitation. And in due time he reaped his reward.

But there was another memory—for the past will so very rarely bury its dead—a memory intense and incandescent, and, for all its bitterness, one which he could ill have spared.

That was five years later: invalided home, on a long leave, with a fine aroma of distinction attaching to him, it was after the funeral of his mother, after all the sad and wearisome arrangements for the disposition of Les Rochers that Colonel—then Captain—Mallory heard in Paris the loud and scandalous rumors which were associated with the figure of the Comte Raoul des Anges. There was pity mingled with the contempt with which his name was often mentioned, for the man was young—it was his redeeming feature—but an insense! It was weakness of character (some whispered weakness of intellect) and not natural vice; so the world spoke most frequently. But his head had been turned, it had not been strong enough to support the sudden weight of his immense fortune. A great name and a colossal fortune, and (*bon garcon* though he was) the intelligence of a rabbit!

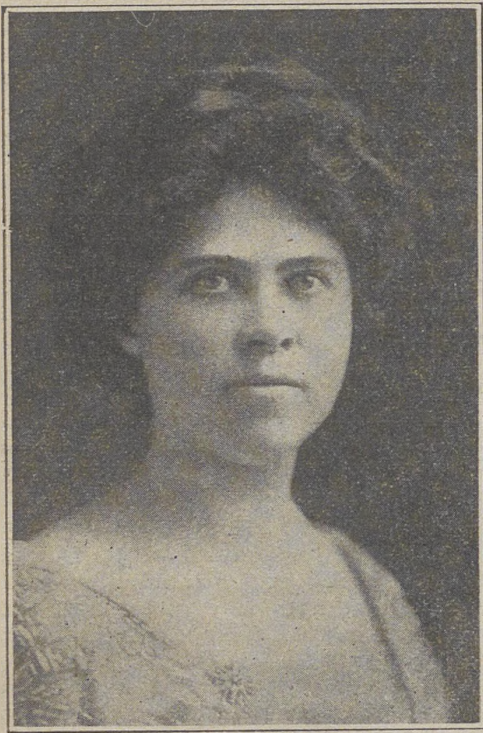
In Paris, to go no further, is there not a whole army of the shrewd, the needy, and the plausible, ready to exploit such a conjunction? And to this

(Continued on Page Fifteen)

Cheaters

By Caroline Reynolds.

Indefinably fascinating is "The Typhoon," the Japanese play presented by Walter Whiteside at the Majestic this week. It is not a cheerful drama and it leaves the theatergoer with a sense of foreboding, of gloom and oppression. The yellow man of the cherry blossom country is figuring largely in drama, literature, and in diplomacy today. He is becoming a factor in Caucasian life; his culture, his knowledge is amazing—for instance, how often are we shocked when our "cook-boy" converses in Italian with the fruit vender, speaks Greek to the delighted sloe-eyed boy who cuts the lawns; and how surprised to find on his shelves everything from Cicero to Bret Harte. Menyhert Lengel, a



Corinne Rider-Kelsey

Hungarian who is familiar with the Japanese of the world-centers, is responsible for the play, and Emil Nitray and Byron Ongley for the translation, differing in many respects from the original, which is not so compact as the American version, and far more daring. Perhaps Lengel has exaggerated the characteristics of the Nipponese as they are today—but he probably has drawn a faithful portrait of the Japanese of tomorrow, for without doubt the "yellow men will sweep down like a typhoon" and at least make the world sit up and take notice of a dominant factor. The action of the play is so inexorably pitiless that it racks the nerves. There is a dramatic force about it that never lags—except when the character of Lindner, a German artist, is on the stage. The trend of the Japanese mind is absorbingly and interestingly shown; the devotion to country, the intense patriotism that converts each citizen into a fanatic; the sacrifice of home, family, self, of every individual taste, to the country.

But it is demonstrated that even the self-controlled Japanese has a weak spot in his armor; just as it is shown that the machinery of state is so well oiled, that the damaged link is immediately protected by another cog. It is the old tale of Samson and Delilah; for Tokeramio, little, yellow, apparently retiring, is as strong, as mentally big, as masterful as though he were a veritable giant of long locks. Tokeramio has been deputized by his

Mikado to undertake a mission in Berlin—a mission which means long, weary hours of close concentration, of laborious toil. He has won a high place for his services; his elders applaud him, his juniors reverence him. But Tokeramio has amused himself in his few leisure moments with a fascinating cocotte, Illona Kerner, a warm, palpitating, sensuous creature, of beauty and hot blood, whose vacillating affections are enmeshed by Tokeramio's Eastern inscrutability. For months, Tokeramio has kept her as a plaything, but gradually she comes a Woman, without whom his life is not complete. Slowly, she begins to be first; his work takes a secondary place; the look in her eyes, the fire of her lips captures him. He attempts to send her from him, and when she would go, sobbingly, tempestuously reproachful, he calls her back, unable to put her out of his life. But when he yields, the fascination is gone for Illona—she wants to be conquered, not the conqueror. She taunts him with sly words, until, enraged at his weakness, his failure, he springs upon her and strangles her. He is not allowed to suffer for the crime; a countryman confesses to the murder, so that Tokeramio may complete his work. He is ill, suffering, but his country waits for the fruits of his toil; he is driven pitilessly to its completion; then his spirit goes out like a shadow across the light. Meanwhile, Ernest Lindner, Illona's lover, also torn with grief at her death, loses his grip on life; he will go down into the gutter, a drunken derelict, accomplishing nothing; giving the contrast between the yellow man



Claude Cunningham

and the white man which the author has taken as the dramatic keynote of the play.

Walker Whiteside's picture of Tokeramio is as masterful as the play. It is the best thing he has done—he can dominate a scene by merely standing with his back to the audience. There is not a false note in the entire three acts of his playing; yet the monotone of his voice is seldom changed—save in his outburst with Illona; he is quiet, little, shadowy; yet always the crux of the action. It is an enthralling portrait—to borrow a slang phrase of an ardent admirer, "it gets you." Florence Fisher plays the character of

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Illona just as the author must have conceived it. She is beautifully alluring; her gowning is perfect; the one thing that detracts from the perfection of the picture is the clangor of her voice, which reminds one of the vocal efforts of a youth who has reached that difficult stage between man and boy when his voice plays him strange tricks of inflection. She has two distinct registers; one of which, preferably the lower, should be cultivated, and used alone. The character of Lindner is too floridly played by Hubert Wilke; it reminds one of a musical comedy hero. The Japanese men are well made up and excellently presented particularly the Joshikawa of Stephen Wright. The one setting is an invaluable factor in getting atmosphere, and the musical selections of the orchestra are particularly well chosen.

"Rose Maid" at the Mason

Dukes and princes, countesses and earls, millions and ceremony, seem to be the keynotes of all "light" operas, particularly those of the Viennese stamp, and the inevitable waltz-theme is with us forever more. "The Rose Maid" an adaptation of a Viennese operetta by the prolific Smith brothers, is adorning the Mason Opera house—and Perle Barti who plays the title role certainly is an adornment—which is more than can be said of the coryphees and other principals. Harry Smith has a habit of absorbing jokes from funny columns and putting them into the mouths of his characters. It seems impossible for him to write a really good comedy part, therefore it depends upon the actors to get the laughs, which means exceedingly hard work. The production of "The Rose Maid" which Los Angeles is enjoying is rather tawdry and shopworn, so far as the settings and the chorus costumes are concerned. Dinginess and patches are plainly apparent, and the need of hot water and soap is shown in more than one instance. But every-

thing could be forgiven for the sake of the demure, winsome-faced Perle Barti, a graceful, luscious-voiced prima donna, exceedingly good to look upon, tastefully gowned, and sweetly attractive. She is inclined to warble her speaking lines—but even this fault is made pleasant by the musical cadences of her voice. Henry Coote who plays the Duke of Barchester, a young gallant, is much inclined to pose, and has a way of addressing his remarks to the gallery that is not at all effective. He has a remarkably robust tenor, which is inclined to huskiness in the upper register; but he cuts a dashing figure in his regimental attire, despite his self-consciousness. Lec Stark plays the old bachelor uncle with good effect, and the audiences hugely enjoy the "Dutch comedy" efforts of Harry Lester Mason. There are a number of tuneful melodies; none of which is startlingly original. The favorite is a pretty, sentimental bit entitled, "Roses Bloom for Lovers," and its charm is greatly increased by its rendition by Perle Barti.

"Salomy Jane" at the Burbank

Paul Armstrong's melodrama of the west, based on an incident in a Bret Harte story is causing Burbank audiences the keenest delight this week. "Salomy Jane" is an excellent type of Western melodrama—with a little spicing of Kentucky feud thrown in for good measure. Every man's hip is decorated with a gun—there is a hold-up; a murder, a "self-defense" killing; a hanging, a near-hanging, and a romantic love interest that causes the matinee girls to stand in the aisles and rave. Burbank audiences fairly eat the play; they adore Izetta Jewel as Salomy, grow hysterically enthusiastic over Forrest Stanley as the man, and give their warmest approval to the character of Jack Marbury, the tender-hearted gambler. "Salomy Jane" is a Kentucky girl, out of her natural environment in the primitive west, yet as primal as her surround-

ings. She is the belle of the little settlement; but her heart remains untouched until a stranger who has killed an unworthy scoundrel begs her for assistance in getting away. She helps him, but the vigilantes catch him and prepare to hang him. Facing death he rouses the depths of the girl's simple heart and when she bids him good bye she impulsively throws her arms about him and kisses him. Of course he escapes after that, and comes back for her. After a dark and dismal night of many troubles, the dawn comes, and Salomy, close in his arms, lifts her face to his, and naively asks, "Say, Man what's yo' name?" to the utter delight of the spectators. The Burbank Company gives the play an excellent production. Izetta Jewel, with her charming drawl, is making a bigger success with her audiences than in any part she has played thus far. Forrest Stanley is the Man, picturesque and romantic, and the matinee maidens offer adulation at his shrine. Herschel Mayall, a newcomer, plays the part of Jack Marbury, in stereotyped fashion, lifting his eyes to heaven, and employing a number of other tricks that have fortunately fallen into disuse with histrions. Donald Bowles is blessed with one of the best parts he has had of late, and James Corrigan, as big, bluff Yuba Bill, is capital. H. S. Duffield is truly Kentuckian as Madison Clay, and Walter Edwards a good comedy character as Colonel Starbottle. Lillian Elliott fairly brings down the house as Lize Heath, and the children are precociously well played by Pablo Ferrando, Lina Graf, and wee Gertrude Short, who is fairly alive with temperament. The scenic accessories are especially good.

Good Bill at the Orpheum

Laughter rules the Orpheum program this week, with Bert Clark and Paul Dickey as close rivals for the birth-stirring honors. Paul Dickey appears in his own sketch, "The Come Back," a playlet of college life, boyish,uberant, well played, and merry with the true college spirit. It makes a tremendous success, and deservedly so. It is a refreshing novelty to find a vaudeville playlet with so many honest, clean laughs, in these days when the average theatergoers seems to find exquisite humor in the suggestive and the profane. The sketch is played at the speed limit by Corbett Morris. Stewart Robbins, Clay Boyd, and Paul Dickey, with the assistance of pretty Inez Plummer. Paul Dickey has the central character, that of a young freshman, who turns the tables on his hazers, and he completely captures the affections of his audiences. The setting is surprisingly good for a vaudeville sketch. Bert Clark and Mabel Hamilton have a concoction of nonsense, and Clark, as a "down-and-out" Englishman, is unbelievably funny with old material. He doesn't do much, but he does it in a way that tickles the risibles to the point of hysteria. Mabel Hamilton, his partner, is remarkable chiefly for the effect of a slashed "knee" gown, which seems to interest and entertain the masculine portion of the audience. Caesar Rivoli is a quick-change artist who should confine his efforts to his protean sketch alone. Lightning change actors are becoming wearisome, and the musical composer-impersonations were long ago sent to the rubbish heap. Signor Travato, the eccentric violinist, relies too largely upon absurd mannerisms. He can play the violin in good, popular fashion, but his eccentricities are repellent. Graceful dancing is always pleasing, and Oscar and Suzette are masters of the art. Their waltzing is especially graceful, although the audience seems to prefer the Argentine Tango because of its sex-appeal. Ada Reeve appears to better advantage this week than ever before and her songs are far better selected. The only other holdover is the Keno and Green team, whose patter is

piffle and whose singing should be eliminated, but whose rag-time dancing is a big success.

Offerings for Next Week

"The Blue Bird," the most conspicuous success of the New Theater, New York, will be seen with the original production at the Majestic theater the week opening Monday night. It is a play for children of all ages—for the wee ones because they like to see the adventures of the brave Tyltyl and the shy Mytyl, while the adults enjoy the poetry and symbolism of Materlinck's fantasy. In London it has replaced the old fashioned pantomime and in New York the same production which will be seen here ran for more than a year. "The Blue Bird" is a delicate fantasy of the quest of the heart's desire. The curtain rises on a small brother and sister, asleep in their beds in the wood-cutter's cabin. They are awakened by the Fairy, Berlune, who bids them start on their quest for "The Blue Bird," the symbol of happiness. She changes their simple garb to velvets and gives Tyltyl a cap with a magic diamond, which when turned allows them to remain unseen. Led by Light, with a train of friends following them, the little ones go forth. But their friends become treacherous, and they have many adventures as they pass through the Land of the Beautiful and the Land of Terrors, and do not succeed until they return again to the wood-cutter's cabin—and there discover the Blue Bird in their humble home. Eleven scenes, in which the art of the stage manager has been expended to the utmost degree, are required to carry the play, while the many picturesque characters will be assumed by a company of 100 players.

"The Rose Maid" begins its second and last week at the Mason Opera House Monday night. The cast is a long one, with Perle Barti, one of the most beautiful singers in light opera, in the part of the demure rose girl, and other prima donna parts played by Juliette Lange, Ida Van Tine and Jeanette Bageard. Henry Coote has the leading male role and uses a big, well-trained tenor, and there are several unusual characters to provide the comedy element. The chorus numbers and song specialties provide many novel features, including "the staircase waltz," in which two women and a man waltz up and down a flight of stairs, without losing a step. The little group of tiny dancers called "The Kute Kiddies" have also provided a sensation.

Tomorrow evening, at the Auditorium, the Lambardi Company will enter upon its fourth and farewell week of grand opera. The season thus far has proved a successful one, and Impresario Lambardi is much encouraged at the increased interest displayed by Los Angeles opera goers. The repertoires have been carefully arranged, with a view to satisfying those who prefer the standard works of the old school as well as those who like the new offerings, such as "Conchita," "Salome," "Fedora," "Andrea Chenier," and other famous operas. New artists have been added to the company, making the present organization the best Lambardi has presented here. Owing to the unprecedented success of the Lambardi organization in the Bay City early in the season, the company will return to the Cort Theater in that city for an engagement of four weeks. At the conclusion of the San Francisco visit the organization will begin an extensive tour of the principal middle west cities, and it is understood that several Chicago managers have made bids to secure Lambardi's song birds for the Windy City. For the coming week the repertoire is as follows:

Monday, Lucia, with Vicarino, Folco, Giovacchini, Martino and Graziani; Tuesday, Amico Fritz, with Bertossi, Folco, Graziani, Nicoletti, Pineschi; Wednesday, Matinee, Barber of Seville, with Vicarino, Agostini, Pineschi, Giovacchini, Martino; Wednesday evening, Aida, with Adaberto

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To follow—"MUTT & JEFF."

and Fox, Folco, Nicolletti and Martino; Thursday, Carmen, with Fox and Bertossi, Agostini, Giovacchini and Martino; Friday, Cavalleria Rusticana and I Pagliacci, 1—with Bertossi, Folco, Giovacchini and Pineschi, 2—with Adaberto, Folco, Nicolletti and Martino; Saturday, Matinee, Thais, with Vicarino, Nicoletti, Graziani, and Marco; Saturday evening, Il Trovatore, with Bertossi and Fox, Agostini, Giovacchini, and Martino.

Madame Corinne Rider-Kelsey, America's foremost concert soprano, who is also considered the leading oratorio singer in this country and enjoys the distinction of being the highest priced church soprano in the world, will be heard in recital at the Auditorium Monday evening, January 27, with Claude Cunningham, who is said to head the list of American baritones. It is rare that two excellent solo voices blend to such a degree that well known critics term it "uniform perfection," but this is true of the voices of Madame Rider-Kelsey and Mr. Cunningham. They have been associated for years, and

have studied almost from the beginning under the same masters. Their program, which covers a wide range, is as follows:

Crudel Perche Finora (Le Nozze di Figaro, Mozart) Mme. Rider-Kelsey and Mr. Cunningham; In Questa Tomba (Beethoven); Recitativo et Aria, Il Moebel Foco (Marcello) Mr. Cunningham; How Sweet is She (Old English); Nymphs and Shepherds (Percell); I've Been Roaming (Horn); A Pastoral (Carey) Mme. Rider-Kelsey; Nuit d'Azur (Arrange sur le celebre Adagio, Beethoven) Mme. Rider-Kelsey and Mr. Cunningham; Go, Lovely Rose (Charpentier); Le Moulin, L'Adieu Supreme, Le Sais tu bien? (Pierne) Mr. Cunningham; Chant Venetien (Bemberg); Chanson Triste (Duparc); Mandoline (Debussy); Chanson Provencale (Dell'Acqua) Mme. Rider-Kelsey; Au Bord de l'Eau (Paladilhe); Sous la Fenetre (Schumann) Mme. Rider-Kelsey and Mr. Cunningham.

Winchell Smith's delightful comedy, "The Fortune Hunter," which is now in its second week at the new Morosco, continues to attract capacity audiences to the new Broadway playhouse, and

to satisfy the demand for seats, Manager Morosco has found it necessary to announce a third week of the production. The performance of "The Fortune Hunter" is taking high rank in stock productions, with each member of the organization making an individual success. At present, the Morosco Producing Company has in preparation the first production on any stage of Paul Armstrong's new play, "A Love Story of the Ages." The rehearsals are being conducted under the personal direction of the author, while the construction of the scenic equipment and costumes is being superintended by Sallie Farnum, the sculptor, whom Manager Morosco imported to see that all details are historically correct. Extraordinary scenic and lighting effects are promised for this production, which is awaited with great interest.

Paul Armstrong's western drama, "Salomy Jane," has been receiving warm appreciation at the Burbank theater, but will be withdrawn Sunday afternoon to make way for the racing comedy-drama, "Checkers," which has always been a strong favorite. The entire strength of the Burbank company will be drawn upon to give this play a good production, and the scenic accessories will receive special attention. Forrest Stanley and Izetta Jewel will have the leading parts, and other members of this popular organization will be cast in congenial roles. The Burbank company has in rehearsal the first stock production of George M. Cohan's dramatization of the popular George Randolph Chester stories, "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford," which is scheduled to follow "Checkers," with Forrest Stanley in the title role.

Another notable star is promised at the Orpheum for the week beginning Monday matinee, January 20—Constance Crawley, the English actress, in Oscar Wilde's remarkable play, "A Florentine Tragedy," with a specially selected company including Arthur Maude, the English player. Wilde wrote this play at the height of his popularity, but following his incarceration it was lost for a number of years. The story is an unusual one, and Miss Crawley's abilities are well known here. Another playlet on the bill is E. A. Wolff's "Little Mother," termed a pathetic comedy, and interpreted by Louise Galloway, Joseph Kaufman and others. Chris Richards is known as an eccentric English chap, who has songs, patter, and dances which he delivers in cockney fashion. The Hassans are clever in the aerial gymnastic line, and do stunts on the tight wire. Ruby Raymond and Bobby Heath use the board walk at Atlantic City as the background for their fun in a patter sketch entitled "In the Good Old Summertime." The acts remaining over from last week are Clark & Hamilton, Travato, the violinist, and Oscar & Suzette with their dances. The orchestral concerts and the world's news will complete the bill. The following week will be the first of the Orpheum road show.

Raymond, the great magician, who made such a success of his two weeks' stay at the Auditorium recently, is to play a return engagement of one week at the Luceum theater the week beginning Sunday matinee. Raymond has new tricks and illusions to interest theater goers. He has just concluded a five years' tour of the world and he has visited practically every country. Two years were passed in India, which is known as the mother-country of mystery. While there he evolved many of his new feats. Raymond carries one of the heaviest equipments of any theatrical organization on tour. Seventy-two tons of paraphernalia and effects, several hundred animals and a corps of twenty-five assistants are employed.

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Books

Mary Helen Fee is a new name on the popular novel list, but one that has already placed itself, and one that will be reckoned with in the future. In her book, "The Locusts' Years," she proves her right to a hearing, for her central character is the best psychological study of a woman's temperament that any lighter book of late days has carried. Before the development of Charlotte Ponsonby the other people of the story fade into the shadow—not because they are badly conceived, but because of the dominance of Charlotte through every scene. The picturesque surroundings of the Philippines are used as a background, and this primitive setting is ideal for the primitive emotions portrayed. In the opening of the story Charlotte is a cool and negative creature, high-bred and reserved; so fearful of rebuffs because of her rather gray life that she sets up impenetrable barriers between herself and her fellow creatures. Yet underneath the quiet is a strong yearning for love; for the destiny of woman. Loneliness grasps her—the desire to have someone to care for her just because she is herself. When young Martin Collingwood, a big, bluff, young pearl fisher, a patient at the hospital under her care, surrenders to her cool loveliness, she accepts his offer of marriage; mindful though she is that he is as crude as he is honest and entirely ignorant of the niceties of life which have been her birthright. Happiness of a sort comes to her—she glories in Martin's frank adoration. She is even responsive to his caresses; for the first few months they are ideally happy in their little island—she delights in the housewifely cares—even hopes that one day she may be the mother of Martin's children. But gradually the wearing process begins—Martin, though a bright man, cannot enter into her thinking, into her philosophy—and she, too, wears upon him at times. There are several quarrels, and finally the girl decides that she cannot continue. But searching herself, she sees that she has not played fairly—that she has not been a comrade to Martin; she has let him know that she married him because she needed him: not for real love. There are many things to teach her a lesson of tolerance—the most valuable lesson in all life's experiences. She analyzes the situation coldly, scientifically; without any glamour of rose color over either Martin or herself; and in true woman fashion, prepares to take up a burden of life again—to bear his children, to help him through life—to give him of the best that is in her; as he, in his man-fashion, will give her his clumsy worship. There is none of the romantic, "they lived happy ever after" ending—it is almost cruel in the cold finality of it—but it is truth; and it grips the interest powerfully. The pen pictures of the tropical island, with its storms and its beauties, are interesting; the various characters are graphic and individual; there are many little points which are revealed only by careful reading. All in all, it is a book much more worth while than the usual novel. ("The Locusts' Years." By Mary Helen Fee. A. C. McClurg & Co.)

"The Valiants of Virginia"

Hallie Erminie Rives' productions are strongly reminding of popular songs, turned out by a popular composer. She is overpoweringly fond of the stereotyped and originality seems far beyond her grasp. Her latest ef-

fort, "The Valiants of Virginia," is as machine-made as a phonograph record. How many, many times has there been a young millionaire of fiction, of the "never-do-anything-worth-while" type, who is deprived of his income by adverse circumstances, and who is left a deserted farm or a homestead, where love and success greet him. The one thing missing in Miss Rives' story is a hidden fortune—as it is she uncovers a lot of solid silver plate. When John Valiant loses his money he learns that the Fate of fiction has bequeathed him a place in Virginia. Of course it is the usual romantic spot, with everything that heart could desire. The girl in the case is a pretty Southerner, Shirley Dandridge. They fall in love; but, alas, Shirley cannot marry John because of an inane mystery in which John's father has figured with her mother. And, of course, the author solves the problem just in time to straighten out the tangle for her heroine and hero—although the reader wouldn't care very much if John never had a chance to clasp his lady love to his bosom. Incidentally, when that interesting event does take place, John has a regular delirium tremens of love, and as for poor Shirley—well, "The foliage about them flared up in green, and the ground under her feet rose and fell like deep sea-waves." And all because of one kiss! Verily is Robert Chambers outdone at last. ("The Valiants of Virginia." By Erminie Rives. Bobbs-Merrill Co.)

Notes From Bookland

In his delightful "My First Summer in Sierra" John Muir tells the story of

how he determined, after a long illness, to find health and strength outdoors; of how he joined a shepherd on his annual expedition, in search of pasturage for his flock, among California mountains; of the companioning dog who made up the party; of the events and incidents of their journey—crossing a river with the frightened sheep—coming upon a lily field by moonlight—lying beside a transcendently lovely waterfall—meeting a bear; and he conveys the charm of the days; the wonder of the mountains; all the richness of a free life so perfectly that one is eager to wait no longer, but at once to take the trail. Of equal interest is "My Boyhood and Youth," a series of articles appearing in the Atlantic Monthly, of which two have been printed, and two more, promising pleasure ahead, are to follow.

This month the Scribners are publishing a book by William T. Hornaday on "Our Vanishing Wild Life: Its Extinction and Preservation." Dr. Hornaday writes in the belief that immediate action will render permanent many species of birds and quadrupeds in this country that otherwise seem doomed to extinction. His book, intended as a handbook in the campaign for the protection of wild animals, is filled with statistics of the wanton killing of game in all the game regions of the continent, and his argument for the enforcement and revision of our game laws is illustrated by maps, cartoons and diagrams.

G. K. Chesterton, after attacking the theories of the Eugenists with remarkable success in the columns of the London Daily News, and Leader and The Illustrated London News, is continuing the battle in a new book that he has in the press entitled "The Evil of Eugenics." G. K. C. takes a firm stand against the whole theory of eugenics as propounded by its supporters.

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NOTICE FOR APPLICATION IN UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE.

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Serial No. 016527 Not coal lands
Los Angeles, Cal., Dec. 14, 1912.
Notice is hereby given that Santa Fe Pacific Railroad Company, through W. J. Davis, its attorney in fact, has filed in this office its application to select, under the provisions of the Act of Congress approved June 4, 1897, (30 Stat. 1136), and the Act of Congress approved March 3, 1905, (33 Stat. 1264), the following described land, namely:
Lot Two in Section Eighteen, Township One South, Range Twenty West, S. B. B. and M., situated in the Los Angeles Land District, in the County of Ventura, Cal., and containing 53.10 acres.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the land described, or desiring to object because of the mineral character of the land, or any part thereof, or for any other reason to the disposal to applicant, should file their affidavits of protest in this office on or before the 24th day of January, 1913.
FRANK BUREN,
Register.

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Countess Marie of the Angels

(Continued from Page Eleven)

army of well-dressed pimps and parasites, Raoul had been an easy victim. The great name had been dragged in the mire, the colossal fortune was rapidly evaporating in the same direction, what was left of the little intelligence was debased and ruined. A marriage too early, before the lad had time to collect himself, for old Madame des Anges had kept him very tight, perhaps that had been largely responsible for the collapse. And it was said the Comtesse des Anges was little congenial, a prude, at least a devotee, who could hardly be expected to manage *ce pauvre Raoul*. She was little known in Paris. They were separated of course, had been for a year or more; she was living with her baby, very quietly, in some old house, which belonged to her family, at Sceaux—or was it at Fontenay-aux-Roses?—on the remnants of her own fortune.

All this, and much more, Mallory heard in club and in cafe during that memorable sojourn in Paris. He said nothing, but he raged inwardly; and one day, moved by an immense impulse of pity and tenderness, he went down to Fontenay-aux-Roses, to visit Madame des Anges.

His visit was only for a week; that was the memory which he could not spare, and which was yet so surpassingly bitter. He had stopped at Sceaux, at an unpretending inn, but each day he had walked over to Fontenay, and each day had spent many hours with her, chiefly in the old-fashioned garden which surrounded her house. She had changed, but she had always the same indefinable charm for him; and the virginal purity of her noble beauty, marriage had not assailed, if it had saddened. And if, at first, she was a little strange, gradually the recollection of their old alliance, her consciousness of the profundity of his kindness for her, melted the ice of their estrangement.

At last she spoke to him freely, though it had needed no speech of hers for him to discern that she was a woman who had suffered; and in the light of her great unhappiness, he only then saw all that she was to him, and how much he himself had suffered.

They were very much alone. It was late in the year; the gay crowd of the *endimanches* had long ceased to make their weekly pilgrimages to the enchanting suburbs which surround Paris with a veritable garden of delight; and the smart villas on the hill-side, at Sceaux and Fontenay, were shut up and abandoned to caretakers. So that Captain Mallory could visit the Chalet des Rosiers without exciting undue remark, or remark that was to be accounted.

And one afternoon, as was inevitable, the flood-gates were broken down, and their two souls looked one another in the face. But if, for one moment, she abandoned herself, weeping pitifully on his shoulders, carried away, terrified almost by the vehemence of his passion; for the volcanoes, which were hidden beneath the fine crust of his reticence, his self-restraint, she had but dimly suspected; it was only for a moment. The reaction was swift and bitter; her whole life, her education, her tradition, were stronger than his protestations, stronger than their love, their extreme sympathy, stronger than her misery. And before she had answered him—calm now, although the tears were in her voice—he knew instinctively that she was once more far away from him, that she was not heeding his arguments, that what he had proposed was impossible; life was too strong for them. "Leave me, my friend, my good and old friend! I was wrong—God forgive me—even to listen to you! The one thing you can do to help me, the one thing I ask of you, for the sake of our old kindness, is—to leave me."

He had obeyed her, for the compassion, with which his love was mingled, had purged passion in him of its baser

concomitants. And when the next day he had called, hardly knowing himself the object of his visit, but ready, if she still so willed it, that it should be a final one, she had not received him. . . . He was once more in India, when a packet of his old letters to her, some of them in a quite boyish handwriting, were returned to him. That she had kept them at all touched him strangely; that she should have returned them now gave him a very clear and cruel vision of how ruthlessly she would expiate the most momentary deviation from her terrible sense of duty. And the tide of his tenderness rose higher; and with his tenderness, from time to time, a certain hope, a hope which he tried to suppress, as being somewhat of a *lachete*, began to be mingled.

III.

"Paris haunts me like a regret!" That old phrase, in his last letter to Mademoiselle de la Tour de Boiserie, returned to him with irony, as he sat on the boulevard, and he smiled sadly, for the charm of Paris seemed to him now like a long disused habit. Yet, after all, had he given reminiscence a chance? For it was hardly Paris of the grands boulevards, with its crude illumination, its hard brilliancy, its cosmopolitan life of strangers and sojourners, which his regret had implied. The Paris of his memories, the other more intimate Paris, from the Faubourg Saint Germain to the quarter of ancient, intricate streets behind the Pantheon—there was time to visit that, to wander vaguely in the fine evening, and recall the old landmarks, if it was hardly the hour to call on Madame des Anges.

He dined at an adjacent restaurant, hastily, for time had slipped by him—then hailed a cab, which he dismissed at the Louvre, for, after the lassitude of his meditation, a feverish impulse to walk had seized him. He traversed the Place de Carrousel, that stateliest of all squares, now gaunt and cold and bare, in its white brilliance of electricity, crossed the bridge, and then striking along the Quai, found himself almost instinctively turning into the Rue du Bac. Before a certain number he came to a halt, and stood gazing up at the inexpressive windows. . . .

More than a year ago that which he had dimly hoped, and had hated himself for hoping, had befallen. The paralytic imbecile, who had dragged out an apology for a life, which at its very best would hardly have been missed, and which had been for fifteen years a burden to himself and others, the Comte Raoul des Anges, that gilded calf of a season, whose scandalous fame had long since been forgotten, was gathered to his forefathers. That news reached Colonel Mallory in India, and mechanically, and with no very definite object in his mind, yet with a distinct sense that this course was an inevitable corollary, he had handed in his papers. But some nine months later, when, relieved of his command, and gazetted as no longer of Her Majesty's service, he was once more in possession of his freedom, it was a very different man from that youthful one who had made such broken and impassioned utterances in the garden of the Chalet des Rosiers, who ultimately embarked in England.

The life, the service, for which he had retained, to the last, something of his old aversion, for which he had possessed, however well he had acquitted himself, perhaps little real capacity: all that had left its mark on him. He had looked on the face of Death, and affronted him so often, had missed him so narrowly, had seen him amid bloodshed and the clash of arms, and, with the same equanimity, in times of peace, when, yet more terribly, his angel, Cholera, devastated whole companies in a night, that life had come to have few terrors for him, and less importance.

Yet what was left of the old Sebastian Mallory was his abiding memory, a continual sense (as it were of a spiritual presence cheering and sup-

porting him) of the one woman whom he had loved, whom he still loved, if not with his youth's original ardor, yet with a great tenderness and pity, partaking of the nature of the theological charity.

"Marie of the Angels," as he had once in whimsical sadness called her. Yes! He could feel now, after all those years of separation, that she had been to him in some sort a genius actually angelic, affording him just that salutary ideal, which a man needs, to carry him honorably, or, at least, without too much self-disgust, through the miry ways of life. And that was why, past fifty, a grim, kindly, soldierly man, he had given up soldiering and returned to find her. That was why he stood now in the Rue du Bac—for it was from there, on hearing of his intention, she had addressed him—gazing up in a sentimentality almost boyish, at those blank, unlit windows.

IV.

Those windows, so cold and irresponsible, he could explain, when, returning to his hotel, he found a note from her. It was dated from the Chalet des Rosiers. She was so little in Paris, that she had thoughts of letting her house; but, to meet an old and valued friend, she would gladly have awaited him there—only, her daughter (she was still at the Sacre Coeur, although it was her last term) had been ailing. Paris did not agree with the child, and, perforce, she had been obliged to go down to Fontenay to prepare for her reception. There, at any time, was it necessary to say it? she would be glad, oh, so glad, to receive him! There was sincerity in this letter, which spoke of other things, of his life, and his great success—had she not read of him in the papers? There was affection, too, between the somewhat formal lines, reticent but real; so much was plain to him. But the little note struck chill to him; it caused him to spend a night more troubled and painful than was his wont—for he slept as a rule the sleep of the old campaigner, and his trouble was the greater because of his growing suspicion, that, after all, the note which Madame des Anges had struck was the true one, for both of them; that a response to it in any other key would be factitious, and that his pilgrimage was a self-deception. And this impression was only heightened when, on the morrow, he made his way to the station of the Luxembourg, which had been erected long since his day, when the facilities of travel were less frequent, and took his ticket for Fontenay. So many thousand miles he had come to see here, and already a certain vague terror of his approaching interview was invading him. Ah! if it had been Paris! . . . But here, at Fontenay-aux-Roses there was no fortunate omen. It represented no common memories, but rather their separate lives and histories, except, indeed, for one brief and unhappy moment which could hardly be called propitious.

Yet it was a really kind and friendly reception which she gave him; and his heart went out to her, when, after dejeuner, they talked of quite trivial things, and he sat watching her, her fine hands folded in her lap, in the little faded salon, which smelt of flowers. She had always her noble charm, and something of her old beauty, although that was but the pale ghost of what it had once been, and her soft hair, upon which she wore no insincere symbols of widowhood, was but little streaked with gray. She had proposed a stroll in the garden, where a few of its famed roses still lingered, but he made a quick gesture of refusal, and a slight flush, which suffused her pale face, told him that she comprehended his instinctive reluctance.

He fell into a brooding reverie, from which, presently, she softly interrupted him.

"You look remote and sad," she murmured; "that is wrong—the sadness! It is a pleasant day, this, for me, and I had hoped it would be the same for you too."

"I was thinking, thinking," he said,—"that I have always missed my happiness."

Then abruptly, before she could interrupt him, rising and standing before her, his head a little bowed:

"It is late in the day, but, Angele, will you marry me?"

She was silent for a few minutes, gazing steadily with her calm melancholy gaze into his eyes, which presently avoided it. Then she said:

"I was afraid that some such notion was in your mind. Yet I am not sorry you have spoken, for it gives me an opportunity, — an occasion of being quite sincere with you, of reasoning."

"Oh, I am very reasonable," he said, sadly.

"Yes," she threw back, quickly. "And that is why I can speak. No," she went on, after a moment, "there is no need to reason with you. My dear old friend, you see yourself as clearly as I do,—examine your heart honestly—you had no real faith in your project, you knew that it was impossible."

He made no attempt to contradict her.

"You may be right," he said; "yes, very likely, you are right. There is a season for all things, for one's happiness as for the rest, and missing it once, one misses it for ever. . . . But if things had been different. Oh, Angele, I have loved you very well!"

She rose in her turn, made a step towards him, and there were tears in her eyes.

"My good and kind old friend! Believe me, I know it, I have always known it. How much it has helped me—through what dark and difficult days—I can say that now: the knowledge of how you felt, how loyal and staunch you were. You were never far away, even in India; and only once it hurt me." She broke off abruptly, as with a sudden transition of thought; she caught hold of both his hands, and, unresistingly, he followed her into the garden. "I will not have you take away any bitter memories of this place," she said, with a smile. "Here, where you once made a great mistake, I should like to have a recantation from your own lips, to hear that you are glad, grateful, to have escaped a great madness, a certain misery."

"There are some miseries which are like happiness."

"There are some renunciations which are better than happiness."

After a while he resumed, reluctantly:

"You are different from other women, you always knew best the needs of your own life. I see now that you would have been miserable."

"And you?" she asked, quickly.

"I may think your ideal of conduct too high, too hard for poor human flesh. I dare not say you are wrong. . . . But, no, to have known always that I had been the cause of your failing in that ideal, of lowering yourself in your own eyes—that would not have been happiness."

"That was what I wanted," she said, quickly.

Later, as he was leaving her—and there had been only vague talk of any further meeting—he said, suddenly:

"I hate to think of your days here; they stretch out with a sort of grayness. How will you live?"

"You forget I have my child, Ursule," she said. "She must necessarily occupy me very much now that she is leaving the convent. And you—you have—"

"I have given up my profession."

"Yes, so much I knew. But you have inherited an estate, have you not?"

"My uncle's place. Yes, I have Beauchamp. I suppose I shall live there. I believe it has been very much neglected."

"Yes, that is right. There is always something to do. I shall like to think of you as a model landlord."

"Think of me rather as a model friend," he said, bowing to kiss her hand as he said good-bye to her.

—ERNEST DOWSON.

Stocks & Bonds

Trading conditions on the Los Angeles stock exchange have been interrupted this week by the annual election of the board of directors Tuesday followed next day by the election of officers for the ensuing year. Transactions have been unusually light. Directors who will serve for the coming year are D. C. Sullivan, John O. Knight, James H. Blagge, J. J. Doran, Hooper C. Dunbar, Luther H. Green, B. F. Lewis, A. N. Sanford, F. P. Burch. Of this number Messrs. Sullivan, Blagge and Green are holdovers.

At the first meeting of the new board D. C. Sullivan was reelected president of the exchange; Luther Green, first vice president; John O. Knight, second vice president; Hooper C. Dunbar, secretary. L. F. Parsons retains the office of manager and assistant secretary.

Decision of the stockholders of the Los Angeles Investment Company to withdraw the stock from sale after the present issue is disposed of sent that security jumping to a probable market price of \$4.20 a share, when late in 1912 it could be purchased readily for \$3.80.

Heaviest trading of the week was done in the Stewart issues including Union Oil, Provident, and United Petroleum. Sales in Union Oil were made at 90, while in the latter two securities the price averaged \$104. Considerable Provident Petroleum is said to have changed hands off the board, while there was a noticeable activity in White Star Oil at 15 cents that was unexpected.

Off board sales are to be taboo after February 1, in accordance with a resolution adopted this week demanding that all trading in listed securities must be on the board. This is in conformity with the regulation governing the deals in listed securities on the New York stock exchange. It should result in a larger volume of business for the local exchange.

Quite a little activity was manifest in bank stocks early in the week when First National sold in small lots at \$690 and Citizens National at \$261.50.

Industrial stocks continue weak, the only transactions of consequence being a sale of eighty-two shares of Edison Electric at \$99.50, reported sold off board.

Mexican Petroleum common sold at \$71.62½. The directors have announced that dividends on the preferred stock of the company will be payable quarterly instead of monthly this year. The next dividend will be two dollars a share and is to be paid April 20, for which the books will close March 31. Shares of Associated Oil were reported sold early in the week off board at \$43, while a sale of 1000 Olinda Land brought 40. Later, however, the former stock dropped to a maximum figure of \$41.62½. Several sales in National Pacific in lots of 1000 at 3 cents were made this week. Mining stocks are still decidedly inactive with a possibility of a further slump next week.

Inactivity in the bond market prevails with no sales of any sort recorded. Money rates are unchanged.

Banks and Banking

Colonel Robert Wood, a bank president of New Orleans and who for many years was noted as the youngest bank president in the United States, is pass-

ing a few weeks in Los Angeles renewing acquaintances among local bankers.

When the First National Bank moves into the Van Nuys building at Seventh and Spring street, about Feb. 1, its present quarters at Second and Spring will be used as a branch of the Los Angeles Trust & Savings Bank.

Newman Essick, cashier of the Commercial National Bank, has resigned from his position, and is succeeded by R. S. Heaton. The capital stock of the Commercial National is to be increased from \$200,000 to \$300,000.

Merger of the National Bank of Commerce and the Home Savings Bank is to be consummated Feb. 3, and a liquidating committee has been appointed to complete negotiations.

January promises to break all records for bank clearings, if present figures are a criterion. The clearings already show an increase of \$11,000,000 over January of a year ago.

Marco H. Hellman of this city has been elected a director in the Farmers' Exchange Bank of San Bernardino, and the Hellman interests have acquired a large block of stock in that institution.

Redondo Beach Farmers and Merchants Bank, of which J. A. Graves of this city is president, is to erect a new building at Emerald and Pacific avenues.

National Bank of Orange is now operating under a capital of \$100,000, having increased from \$50,000.

Within the next thirty days it is thought that plans will be completed for the merger of the Central National bank with the Security Trust and Savings.

Dividend of the Farmers and Merchants National Bank has been increased to 20% annually.

Stock and Bond Briefs

U to 2 o'clock, Jan. 27, the board of supervisors will receive bids for the purchase of South Pasadena city high school bonds of \$70,000, paying 5% annually, check to be 3% of bid. Bids will also be received for the Huntington Park high school bonds of \$75,000 on the same basis.

A. E. Blakesley, secretary of the Denver stock exchange, is visiting friends in this city, and will return soon to his duties in the Colorado metropolis.

Southern California Edison Company has applied to the railroad commission for authority to issue \$2,500,000 in bonds for general improvement of its system.

Riverside has voted \$1,160,000 for the acquisition and construction of a municipal water plant.

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NOTICE FOR APPLICATION IN UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE

Serial No. 016527 Not coal lands
Los Angeles, Cal., Jan. 13, 1913.

NOTICE is hereby given that Santa Fe Pacific Railroad Company, through W. J. Davis, its attorney in fact, has filed in this office its application to select, under the provisions of the Act of Congress approved June 4, 1897, (30 Stat. 1136), and the Act of Congress approved March 3, 1905, (33 Stat. 1264), the following described land, namely:

Lot Two in Section Eighteen, Township One South, Range Twenty West, S. B. B. and M., situated in the Los Angeles Land District, in the County of Ventura, Cal., and containing 53.10 acres.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the land described, or desiring to object because of the mineral character of the land, or any part thereof, or for any other reason, to the disposal to applicant, should file their affidavits of protest in this office on or before the 25th day of February, 1913.

FRANK BUREN,
Register.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal. (January 11, 1913)

03985 Not coal lands
NOTICE is hereby given that William Eckhart, of Santa Monica, California, who, on June 12, 1907, made Homestead Entry No. 11383, Serial No. 03985, for SE¼, Section 25, Township 1 south, Range 17 west, S. B. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final five year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, California, on the 21st day of February, 1913.

Claimant names as witnesses: John M. Henry, of Santa Monica, California; Chester Galgani, of Santa Monica Canyon, California; Harry Sexton, of Palms, California; Pedro Marques, of Santa Monica Canyon, California.

FRANK BUREN,
Register.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal. (January 10, 1913)

013951 Not coal lands
NOTICE is hereby given that Wilber P. Roche, of Santa Monica, California, who, on September 26, 1911, made Homestead Entry No. 013951, for W½ NE¼, W½ SE¼, Section 22, Township 1 south, Range 18 west, S. B. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final commutation proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before the Register and Re-

ceiver, U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, California, on the 19th day of February, 1913.

Claimant names as witnesses: Charles Johnson, William D. Newell, Joseph A. Anker, Edward Mellus, all of Santa Monica, California.

FRANK BUREN,

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal. January 2, 1913.

Not coal lands. 03765
NOTICE is hereby given that Lizzie Friederich, of Calabasas, California, who, on February 10, 1906, made homestead entry No. 11006, No. 03765, for SE¼, Section 35, Township 1 N., Range 17 W., S. B. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final five-year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, California, on the 14th day of February, 1913.

Claimant names as witnesses: Axel A. Ahlroth, Elizabeth Friederich, Frank Schaefer, Olive Ahlroth, all of Calabasas, California; Joseph A. Anker of Santa Monica, California.

FRANK BUREN,
Register.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal. November 26, 1912.

Not coal lands. 013982
Notice is hereby given that Nathan Wise, of Newberry Park, California, who, on October 30, 1911, made Homestead Entry No. 013982, for NW¼, Section 5, Township 1 S., Range 18 W., S. B. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final commutation proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, California, on the 17th day of February, 1913.

Claimant names as witnesses: Charles F. Haskell, of Newberry Park, California; Jackson Tweedy, of Calabasas, California; George A. Frenlin, of Calabasas, California; James H. Robert, of Newberry Park, California.

FRANK BUREN,
Register.

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NATIONAL BANK OF CALIFORNIA N. E. Cor. Fourth and Spring	J. E. FISHBURN, President. H. S. McKEE, Cashier. Capital, \$500,000.00. Surplus and Undivided Profits, \$200,000.
CENTRAL NATIONAL BANK S. E. Cor. Fourth and Broadway	S. F. ZOMBRO, President. JAMES B. GIST, Cashier. Capital, \$300,000.00. Surplus and Undivided Profits, \$244,000.
CITIZENS NATIONAL BANK S. W. Cor. Third and Main	A. J. WATERS, President. E. T. PETTIGREW, Cashier. Capital, \$1,500,000. Surplus and Profits, \$700,000.
COMMERCIAL NATIONAL BANK 401 South Spring, Cor. Fourth	W. A. BONYNGE, President. NEWMAN ESSICK, Cashier. Capital, \$200,000. Surplus and Undivided Profits, \$73,000.
FARMERS & MERCHANTS NAT. BANK Corner Fourth and Main	I. W. HELLMAN, President. V. H. ROSSETTI, Cashier. Capital, \$1,500,000. Surplus and Profits, \$2,000,000.

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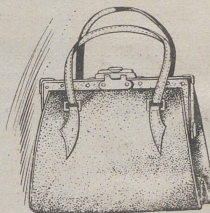
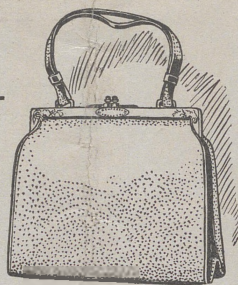
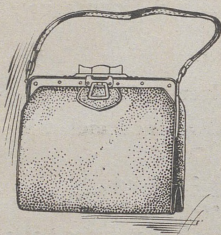
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Bags on Monday--- **\$1.⁹⁵**

—Special! Indeed the values are better than we can remember having had—

—One of the crowning efforts of the January Whities, to provide the uncommon—the extraordinary in merchandise for Bullock's customers—

—576 real leather hand bags, every one new—every one at a fraction of real worth—Best quality goat bags in seal or walrus grain, cowhide bags, morocco bags, polished cross grain bags and patent leather bags in black, tan, gray, blue and brown—

—Leather or silk linings—the former in black or tan, the latter in black and colors to match—all have coin purses—many of the smaller shapes even having two fittings while one large bag has coin purse, mirror and comb—

—Single or double strap handled styles with plain or fancy metal frames and leather covered overlapping frames in staple modes—gilt, gun metal or nickel trimmed—

—Values every woman will want to share—especially when they see the remarkable kind of bags that \$1.95 will buy, on Monday—Plan to attend this unusual event at Bullock's—tell your friends about it—

